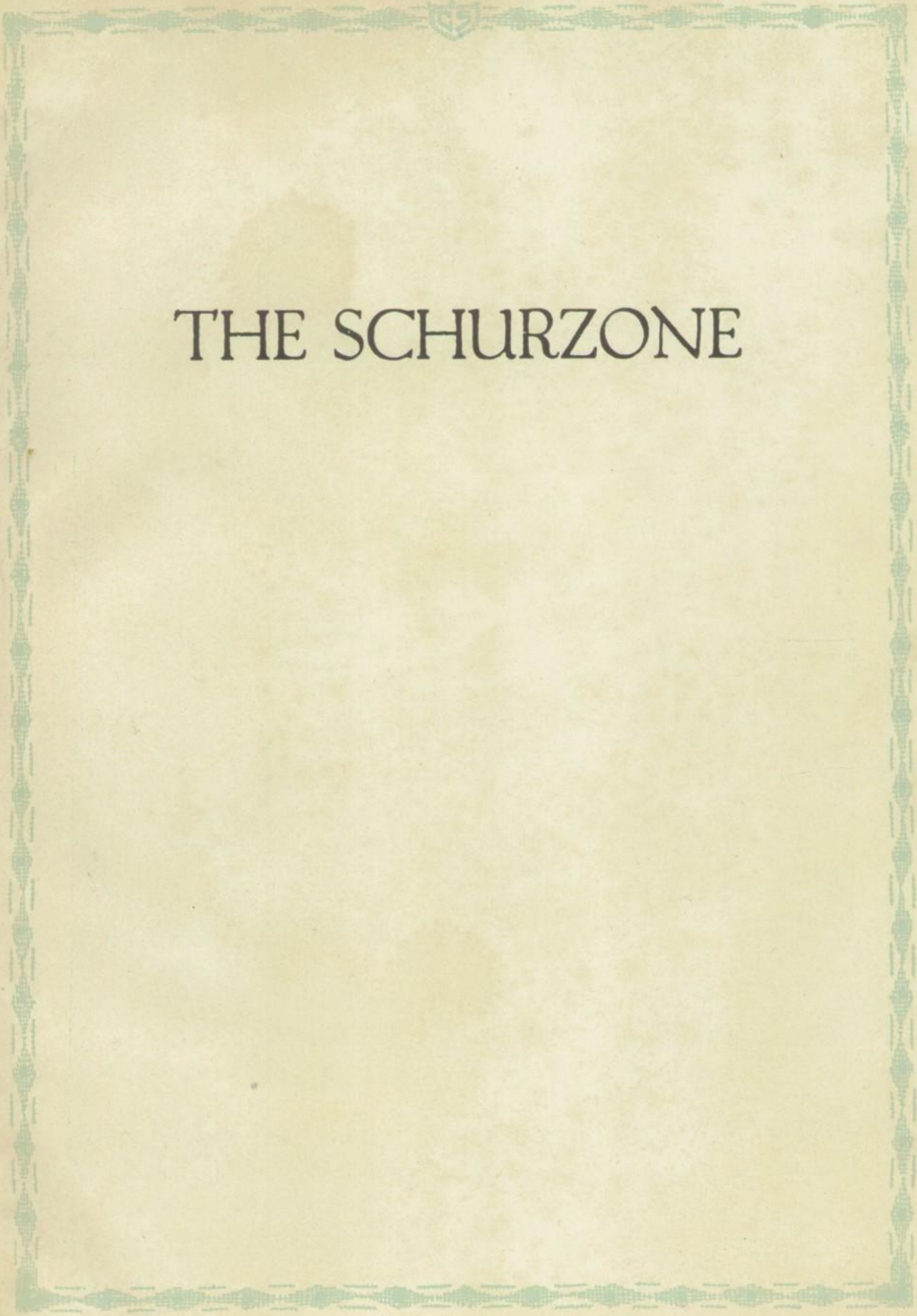


Miss Peters

FRANKLIN GREEN
5136 BERTEAU AVE
CARL SCHURZ
D.R. 358





THE SCHURZONE



PROPERTY OF

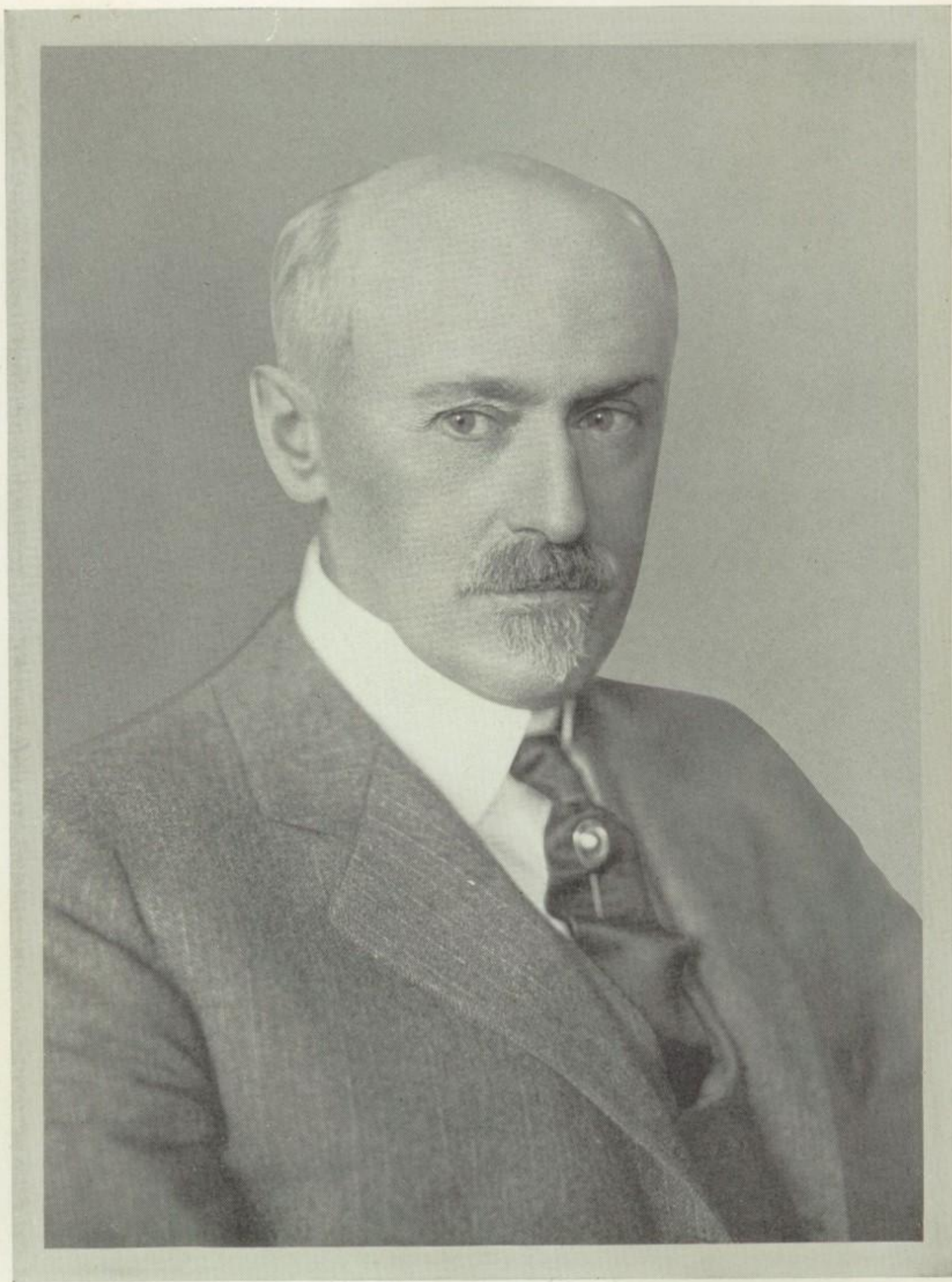
H. R. H. Franklin Green Esquire

The
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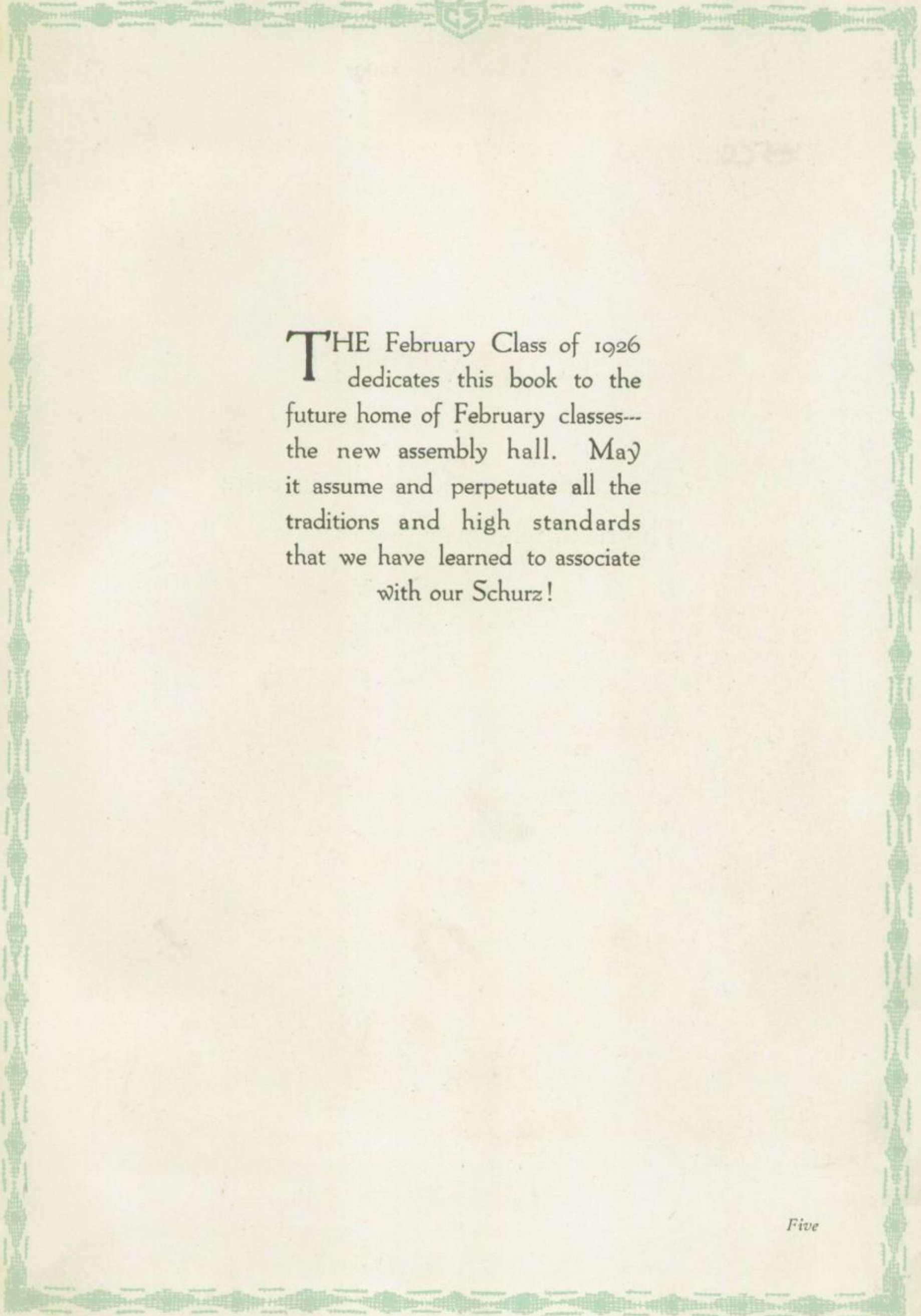


FEBRUARY, 1926

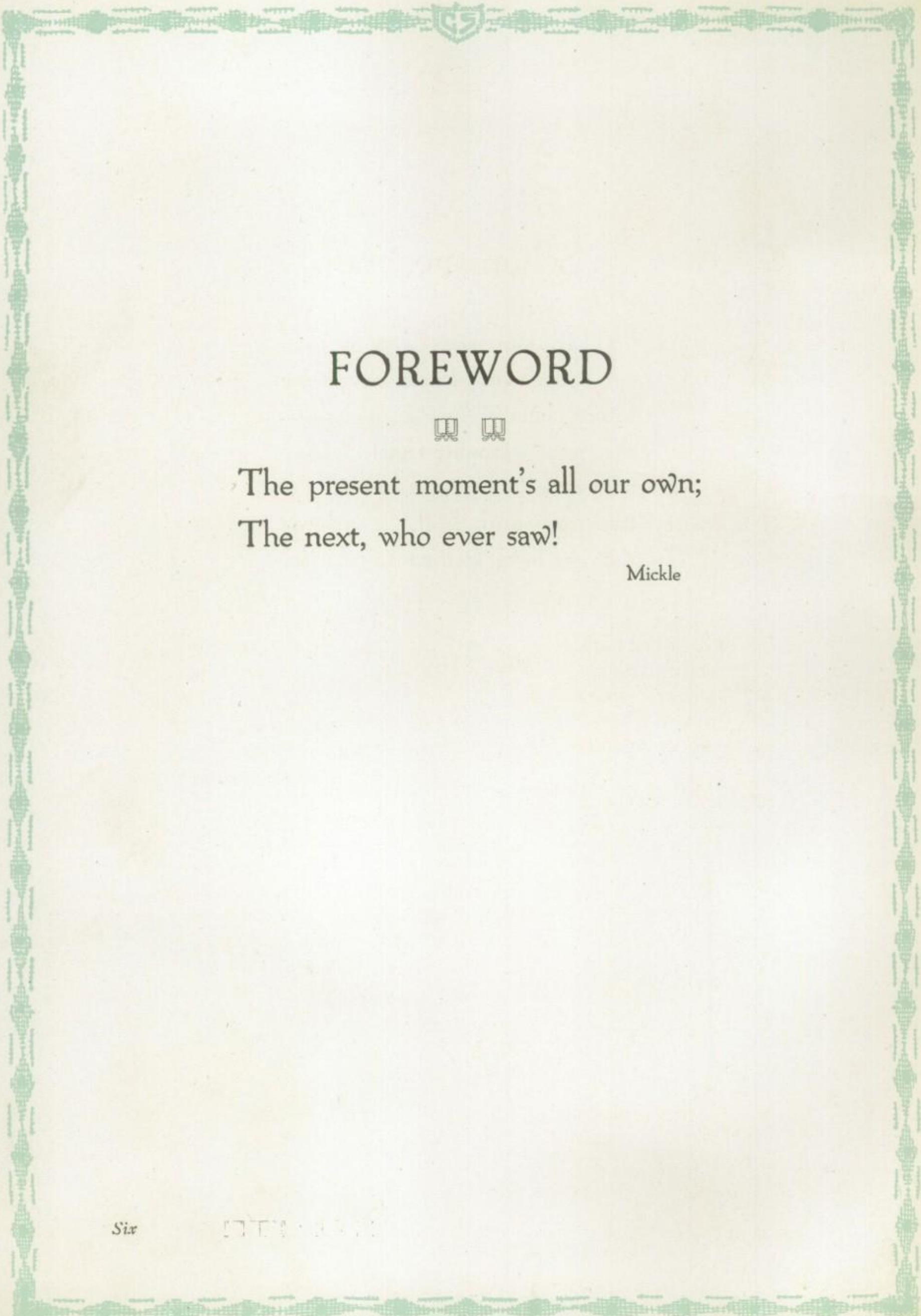
Published by
The Senior Class
of
CHS Schurz High School



WALTER F. SLOCUM



THE February Class of 1926
dedicates this book to the
future home of February classes--
the new assembly hall. May
it assume and perpetuate all the
traditions and high standards
that we have learned to associate
with our Schurz!



FOREWORD



The present moment's all our own;
The next, who ever saw!

Mickle

Schurzone Staff

BURTON TRODSON *Editor-in-Chief*
J. LUCILLE LUEDKE..... *Associate Editor*
CHARLOTTE WEBER *Associate Editor*
DAVID SCHNEIDER *Circulating Manager*
ARTHUR BAGGE *Business Manager*

Committees

I. Epitaph

Frances Scheffner, *Chairman*
Alvido Cimeley
Betty Cowle
Howard Evensen
Helen Snow
Evangeline Carlson
Lillian Evans
Raymond Greenfield
Beatrice Thon
Lorentz Adolfson

II. Humor

William Poisner
Herbert Maguire
Verna Ott

III. Snapshots

Sylvia Rolff
Frank Stonesifer

IV. Cartoonists

Frances Poe
Wanda Gladkowski
Fred Blank

V. Organizations

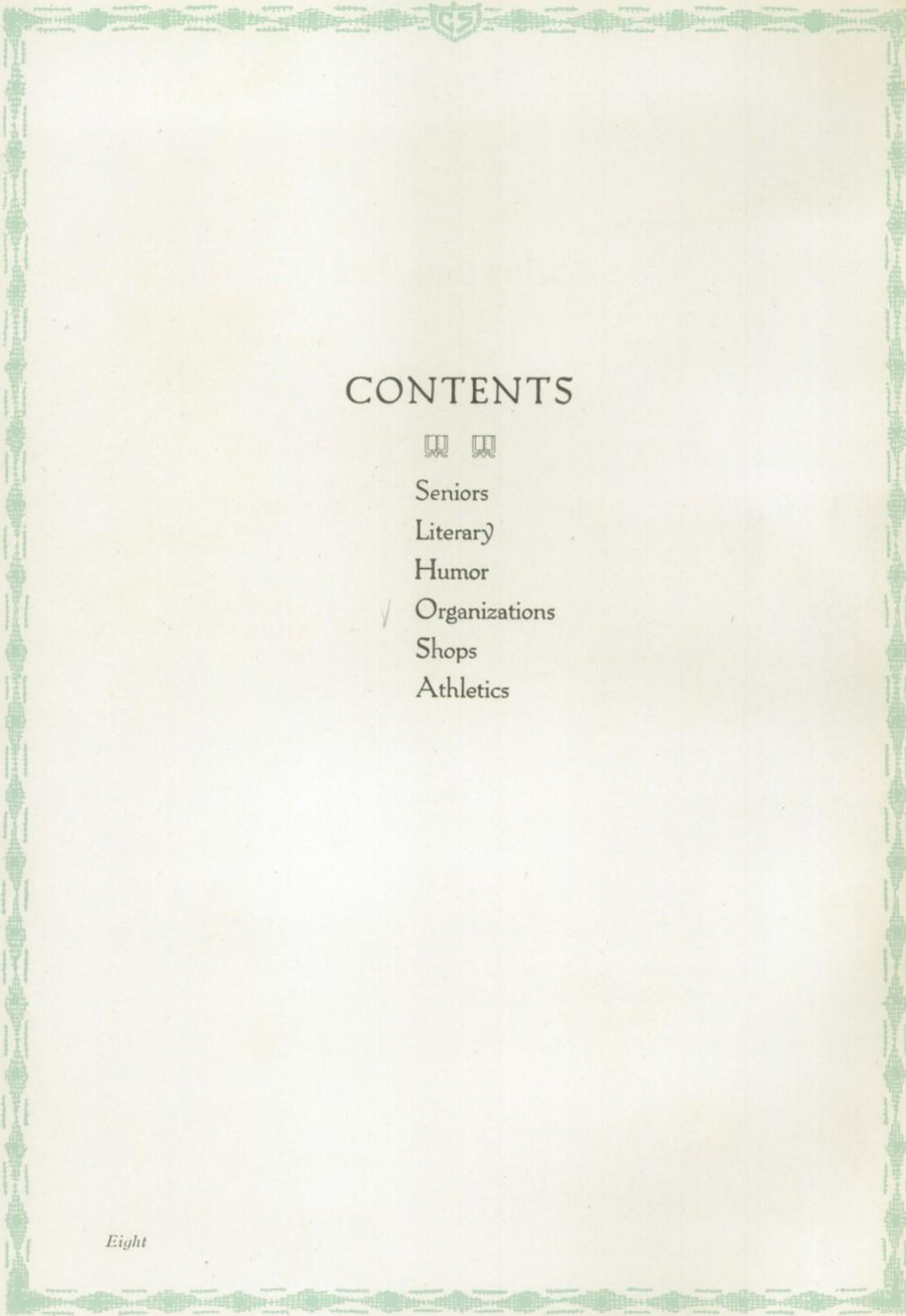
Eleanor Volquartz
Mary Yearich
Emery Vantine
John Anderson
Elizabeth Poe
Dorothy Anderson

VI. Sports (Boys' and Girls')

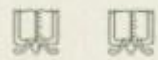
Ernest Werbel
Walter Dose
Cora LeMay
Mildred Olsen

Schurzone Typists

Cecil Blackman
Alice Heller
Edith Jacob
Mae Dersch
Ruth Lecker
Anna Anderson
Marion Paulsen
Angela Schwarz
Irma Merle



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Seniors

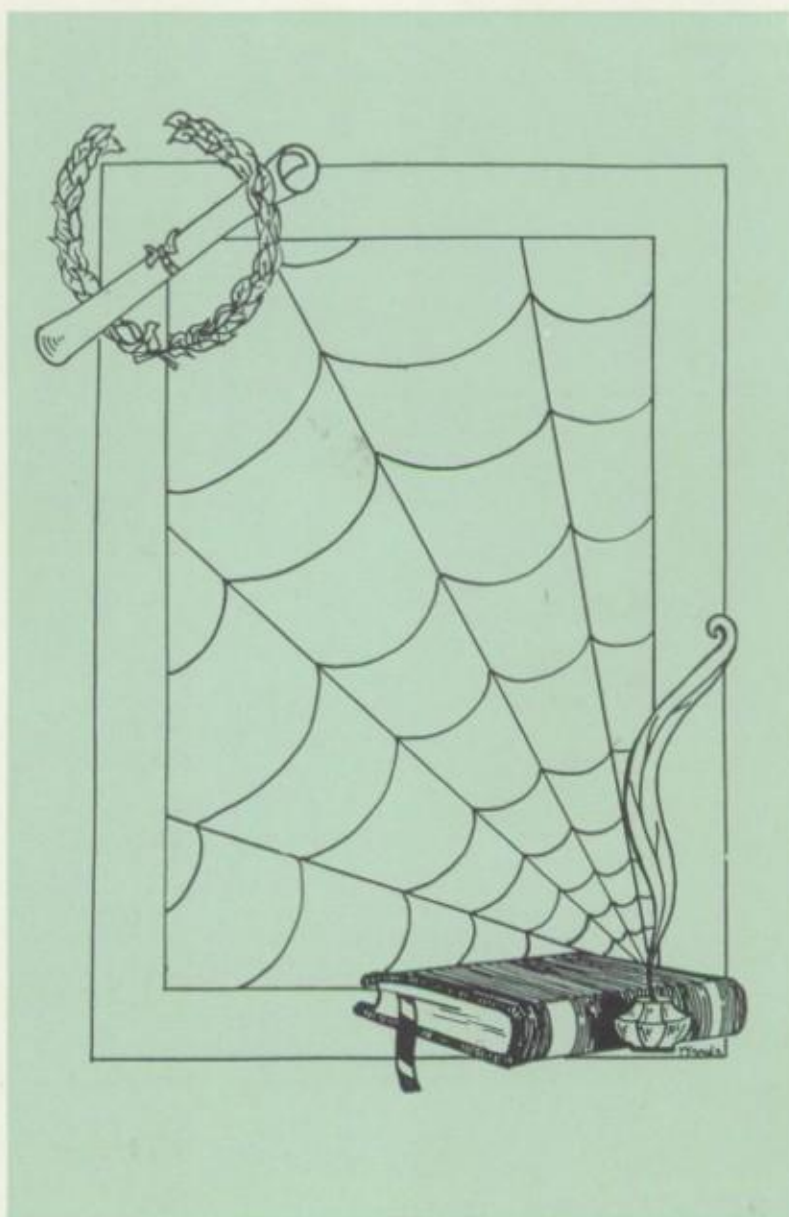
Literary

Humor

Organizations

Shops

Athletics





BARCLAY M. GRAHAM . "Bark"
Treasurer of Class; President
Dramatic Club; Schurz World
Staff; Civics Club 4; French Club
3; Social Committee 4B.

*In Barclay does our power lie, for
he our pennies does collect,
For his red hair do many sigh, and
sunshine does it oft reflect.*

EDNA KRUSE
General Science; Tennis Team
3, 4; Guard 4; Civics Club 4;
Dramatic Club 4; Secretary Senior
Class.

*Most dependable girl at school,
Actions, deeds, words, her tools.*

IRVING J. STOLLER
General Science Course; Presi-
dent of Senior Class; President
Bull Dog Club 4; Treasurer Chess
and Checker Club 4; Editor Frosh
World 4; R. O. T. C. Captain 1, 2,
3, 4; Golf Team 1, 2, 4; Civics
Club 4; Spanish Club 4.

*On equal terms did Irving stand with
everyone in his class,
In friendship did he give his hand
alike to lad and lass.*

MARION V. ENERSON
General Science Course; Vice-
President of Class; Social Com-
mittee 4; Civics Club 4; Chorus
2, 3; French Club 2, 3; Dramatic
Club 4.

*With modest grace, this popular lass
Was Heaven's gift to the '26 class.*

CHARLES W. LAIB . "Chuck"
General Science; Delegate-at-
large; Soccer 2; Captain 4; Track
2, 3, 4; Skating 2; Lettermen's
Club; Social Committee; Civics
Club.

*Dignified, athletic, and popular,
That was our Chuck.*



A Parting Word

A parting word? What shall it be?
My heart 'most fails me when I see
Another group of girls and boys
Ready to leave their schoolday joys,
Ready to take their way on life's road,
Ready to shoulder their share of its load.
What is before them? Who can say?
But this we know, as they go on their way,
Their path will brighten from day to day,
Their courage increase, their hearts will be gay.
They'll build the ladder on which they'll rise
To heights undreamed of, to gain the prize
Of tasks attempted, of work well done,
Of service rendered, of victory won.
But what of us whom they leave behind?
How we shall miss their presence kind,
Their friendly spirit, their care-free joy,
Their happy laughter so free from alloy!
But though their faces no more we may see,
They'll never fade from our memory.
And we'll be wishing them all the way through
The best of everything, good and true.
So here's to the class that's leaving today
With your future so fair and your hearts so gay.
May nothing e'er dim the luster which now
Shines in your eye, and your unfurrowed brow.
May you ever be true in word and deed,
So I wish you, one and all, "Godspeed."

JEAN W. GIBSON.



LORENTZ ADOLFSON
Commercial; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Orchestra 4; Schurz World 4; Epitaph Committee 4.
He is studious, but not without something to show for it.

CLARENCE K. ANDERSON
Technical Course; 3½-Year Graduate; Radio Club 4.
Whatever is worth doing at all, Is worth doing well.

ANNA ANDERSON . . . "Ann"
Commercial Course; Swimming 2; Civics Club 4.
'Twas kind o' kingdom come to look On such a blessed creature.



DOROTHY ANDERSON . . . "Dot"
General History Course; Chorus; Dancing; Schurz World Staff.
She is a maid of artful grace, Gentle in form, and fair of face.

JOHN F. ANDERSEN . . . "Shorty"
Technical; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Chess and Checker Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Schurz World.
His agreeableness is in proportion to his size.

ROBERT ANDERSON . . . "Bob"
Technical Course; Freshman Interclass Baseball 1; Football 3, 4; Lightweight Football 1.
In football fame He has made his name.



WILLIAM PAUL ARONSON . . . "Bill"
General Science Course; Band 1, 2; R. O. T. C. 1, 2; Schurzzone 3, 4; Schurz World 3, 4; Skating 3.
Whate'er his tool, whate'er his task, He did it like a man.

JEANNETTE AXELROD . . . "Billie"
Commercial Course; French Club; Hockey.
A smile for all, a welcome glad, A pleasant, coaxing way she had.

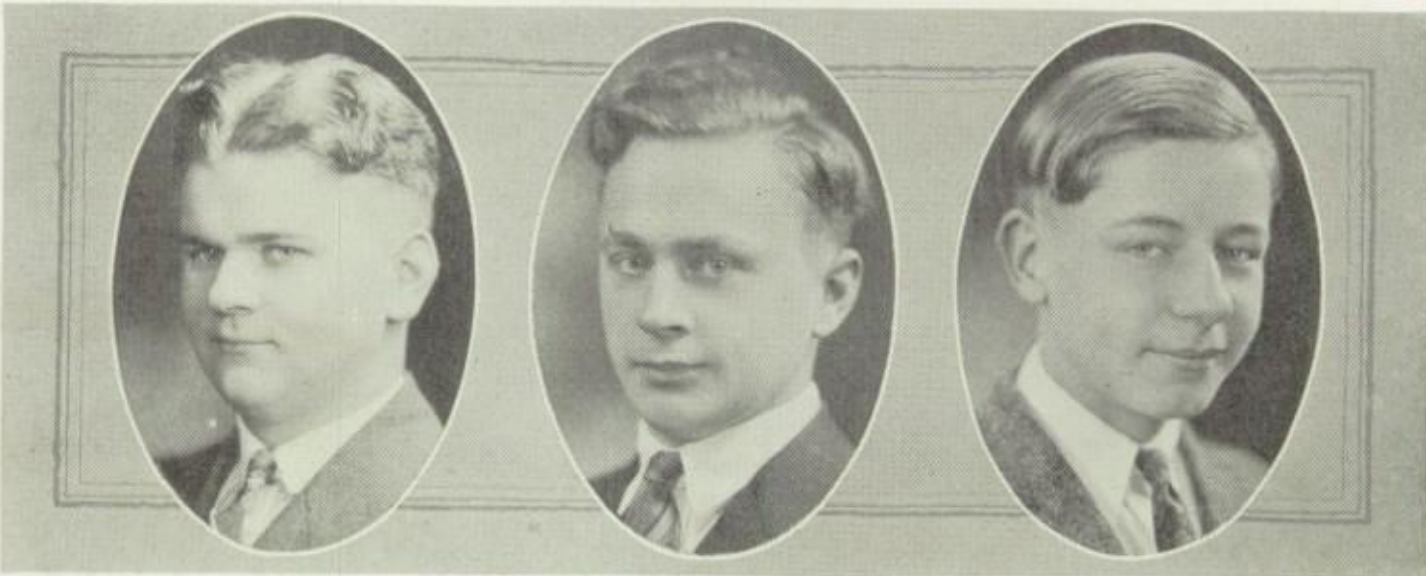
ARTHUR W. BAGGE . . . "Art"
General Science Course; 3½-Year Graduate; Track 2, 3; French Club 2; Chess and Checker Club.
A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.



VICTOR BARDONSKI "Vic"
Technical Course; Spanish Club
3, 4; Civics Club 4; Tennis 4.
*Not all pleasure, not all play
Is good for any man.*

MARIE BECKER "Breezy"
Social Science Course.
*In athletics Breezy was sure to excel.
That's the reason everyone liked her
so well.*

WANDA SOPHIA BELINSKI
Commercial Course.
*She liked whate'er she looked on,
And her looks went everywhere.*



RALPH C. BERG
Technical Course; Radio Club 3.
*A due sincerity governed all his
deeds.*

SANFORD BERG "Sandy"
Technical Course; Band 3, 4;
Orchestra 3, 4.
*"Good-natured, friendly; what more
can you want?"*

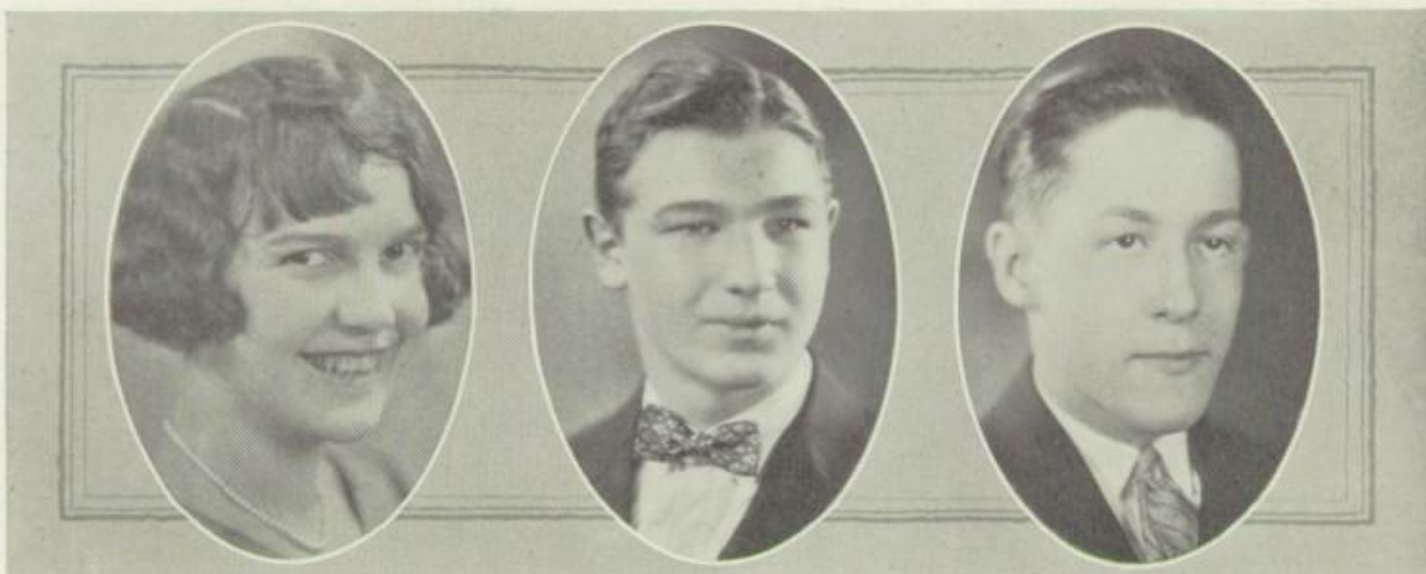
CHARLES L. BINNA
General Course; 3 1/2-Year Grad-
uate; Track 3, 4; Radio Club 4.
*To the industrious, all things are
easy.*



ORVILLE G. BJORGO "Orv"
Commercial Course; R. O. T. C.
2, 3, 4; Guard 3, 4; Guard Mar-
shal 4.
*Orville, neither short nor tall,
Just medium, and well liked by all.*

CECIL L. BLACKMAN "Ce"
Commercial Course; French Club
2, 3; Hockey 3; Basketball 2.
*A sense of humor, friendly, true,
"Ce," we can't find another like you.*

EDWARD C. BOWMAN "Easy"
General History Course; Spanish
Club; 3, 4; Chess and Checker
Club 4; Motto Committee.
*Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.*



RUTH M. BOWMAN . . . "Rufus"
Commercial Course; Chorus 2,
3, 4; Dancing 1; Swimming 1, 2;
Chess and Checker Club 4.
*Her quiet manner couldn't hide
The mischief in her eye.*

CLARENCE G. BRACK "Clarence G"
General Science Course; Orches-
tra 1, 2, 3, 4; Music Committee.
*Like the bow on the strings which he
plays,
So he gladdens with music our days.*

FRED F. BREITENBACH . . . "Freddy"
General Science Course; R. O. T. C.
2, 3, 4; Captain 4; Rifle Team 3, 4.
*Here is the fountain of action and
thought—
And humor, too, it seems.*



LESTER BRIESENICK . . . "Briz"
General Science Course; Dra-
matic Club 4; Civics Club 4.
*The companions of his youth are
better
For his having been among them.*

LIONEL GILMON BRIGGS
General Science; Guard 4.
*Cheerful and courteous
And full of manly grace,
His heart's frank humor
Written in his face*

JOHN BROCKO
General Science Course; R. O. T. C.
2, 3, 4; Bull Dog Club 4; Guard 3.
*Large was his bounty
And his soul sincere.*



HELEN BROWN . . . "Helena"
General Language Course; Chess
and Checker Club 4; French Club.
*As welcome as sunshine in any place
Is the beaming approach of her
good-natured face.*

JEANNETTE BROWN . . . "Jean"
Commercial Course; French
Club; Hockey; Guard.
*She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on.*

GEORGE BRYNTESEN
General Science; Swimming;
Football.
*He was never too busy
To lend a helping hand.*



GRINNELL W. BUCHHOLZ "Buck"
General History; Soccer 3, 4;
City Champs 3; Civics Club 4;
Letterman's Club 3; Hy; Y Club 3.
*Athletics was not the only thing
In which he did excel.*

ARONA BUSCH "Ottie"
General Science Course; French
Club 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4;
Civics Club 4; Guard 4.
*She was made for happy thoughts,
For playful wit and laughter.*

FRANCES CALVERT "Fran"
General History; French Club 2,
3, Vice-President; Dramatic Club 4;
Hockey 3; Civics Club 4.
*She's quiet, but she was always on
the honor roll.*



ELSA H. CARLSON
General Science Course; Chorus
1, 2, 3, 4.
*Elsa has a manner that brings her
many friends.*

EVANGELINE CARLSON "Vangie"
General Language Course; Chess
and Checker Club 3, 4; Civics
Club; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Epitaph
Committee.
Wide awake and always on the job.

FLORENCE CARLSON
General History Course; 3½-
Year Graduate; Swimming.
*Those who know her, not a few,
Know her for a friend that's tried
and true.*



JULIA CARLSON "Julie"
Household Arts Course; Base-
ball 1, 4; Swimming 2; Hockey 3.
*A mild manner is an indication of
gentle thoughts.*

LORETTA GERTRUDE CARROLL
"Lor"
General Science Course.
*"Lor" is a girl that's quiet and shy,
But she'll startle the whole world
by n' by.*

ARNOLD CHRISTIANSEN
General Course.
*One who could be trusted
To do the right thing at the right
time.*



ALVIDO CIMELEY "Beans"
Baseball 3, 4; Football 1, 3, 4;
Track 3, 4.
*A popular, brainy man is "Beans"
Hero on most of our athletic teams.*

BERNARD COHN "Bunny"
General History; Civics Club 4;
Radio Club 3; Dramatic Club 4.
Happy, go-lucky a boy is he.

THEODORE CONTROULIS "Ted"
General Science Course; R.O.T.C.
1; Outdoor Club 4; Radio Club 3.
*Full of fun and frolic
Is this young man named "Ted."*



ELIZABETH E. COWLE "Betty"
General Language; President of
Chess and Checker Club 4.
*Though she looks so bewitchingly
simple,
Yet there's mischief in every dimple.*

MARION CAROLYN CROWN "Kiddie
Dear"
General Language-History
Course; Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4.
*Full of pep, full of fun,
"Kiddie Dear" is always on the run.*

MARION PRISCILLA CUNNARD
Household Arts Course; Dancing
2; Swimming 2; Intensive Course 4;
Dramatic Club 4.
Marion possessed a jolly disposition.



EDWARD DANISCH
General Course.
*Witty and fun-loving—you'll like
him.*

MAY AGNES DERSCH
Commercial Course; Interclass
Hockey 3; Swimming 2, 3; Chorus
2, 3; Basketball 3, 4; Hockey.
*May has a cheerful disposition and
an everlasting smile.*

WALTER DOSE "Sleepy"
General Science Course; Track 4;
Football 3, 4; Letterman Club 3;
Outdoor Club 4; Radio Club.
*Grit and brains in football strife
Are sure to spell success in life.*



ELEANOR DUNLOP
General Language Course;
Dramatic Club 4; Dancing 3; Prom
Committee 4.
*A sweet character is a strong asset
in the world.*

ANNA K. ECELAND
Commercial Course; Hockey 3;
Civics Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.
Quiet people are welcome everywhere.

GUSTAVE EHN'BORN "Gus"
General History; President of
Spanish Club; Social Committee;
Soccer 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*Breadth of shoulder, depth of thought,
These in Gus Ehnborn, are wrought.*



JOHN EIPPER "Eep"
General Science Course; Track
Interclass 3, 4; Track 2; Soccer 4;
Guard 4; R. O. T. C. 3, 4.
*Running he delights to do,
Thoughtfulness is his too.*

FRIEDA EISENSTADT "Bobby"
General History Course; French
Club; Dramatic Club; Civics Club;
Switchboard Operator; Dancing;
Journalism.
A jolly girl, whom everyone liked.

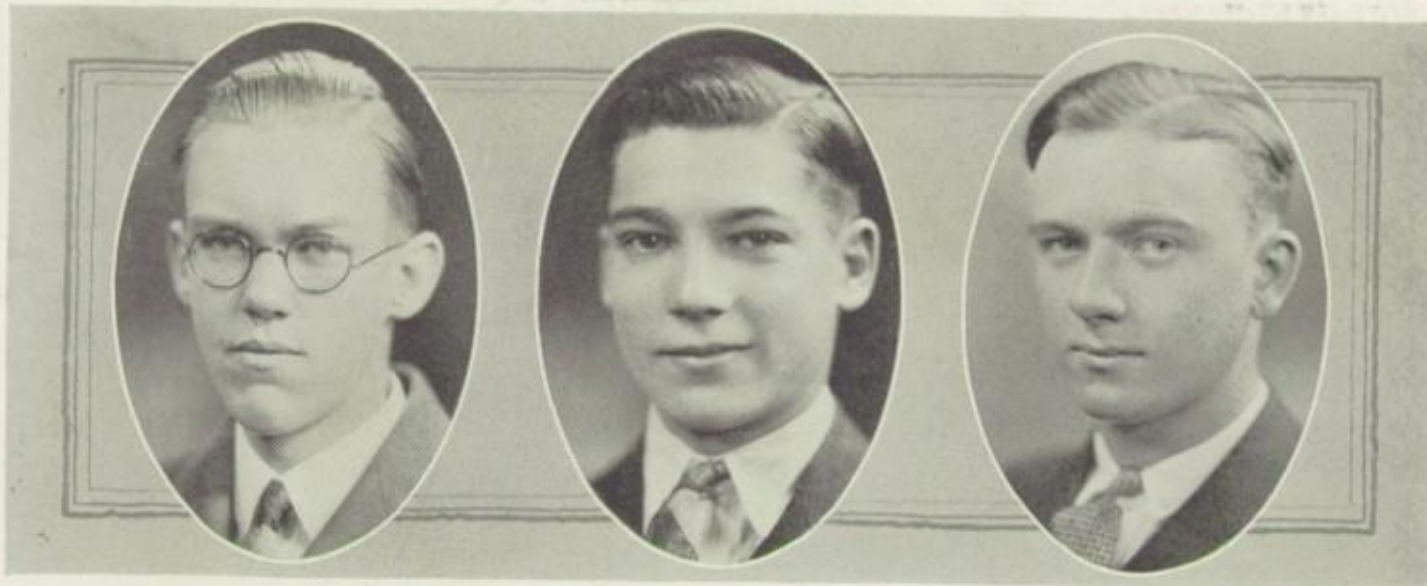
ELIZABETH C. ELICH "Betty"
Household Arts Course; Picture
Committee; Vice-President of
Dramatic Club; Civics Club 4.
*A rare combination of beauty and
brains.*



BERNICE A. ENGH "Be"
General Science Course; Civics
Club 4.
*Quiet and trustworthy,
A friend tried and true.*

LILLIAN M. EVANS "Lil"
General Science; Epitaph Com-
mittee; Guard Marshal 4; Chorus.
*Lil is sweet and friendly too,
Undoubtedly, she has friends not a
few.*

HOWARD A. EVENSEN
Technical Course; Associate Edi-
tor Schurz World 4; Epitaph Com-
mittee 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*Music and writing claim his time,
Proficient is he in either line.*



ERNEST T. FAIGLE "Ernie"
General Science; Orchestra 1, 2,
3, 4; Soccer 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3;
Chorus 2; Class Orchestra 4.
*The class said he was a bashful boy,
But to many another he's brought joy.*

RAYMOND FREIWALD
General History; R. O. T. C. 2,
3, 4; Radio Club Treasurer 4; Sta-
tion 9QP-3MX; Track 3, 4.
*Quiet he may seem,
Unless he has radio for a theme.*

EDWARD W. GEIGER "Ed"
Technical Course; Guard 3, 4.
*Ed was everybody's friend,
Loyal and worthy to the end.*



WILLIAMS GOERS
General Course.
*A little work, a little play,
In just proportions fill his day.*

MYRTLE GOLDNER
Commercial Course; Swim-
ming 2, 3; Chorus 2; Dancing 1.
*She thought before she spoke,
And her words were words of wisdom.*

WANDA L. GONJA
Commercial Course; Chorus 3;
Hockey 3.
She had a smile for everyone.



RAYMOND L. GREENFIELD "Ray"
Technical Course; Guard 4;
Dramatic Club 4; Civics 4; Epi-
taph Committee, Schurzzone.
*He is argumentative—
A debater of note.*

CLARA J. M. GRUZALSKI
General History; Spanish Club
2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Guard 4;
Constitutional Committee.
Wisdom is greater than wealth.

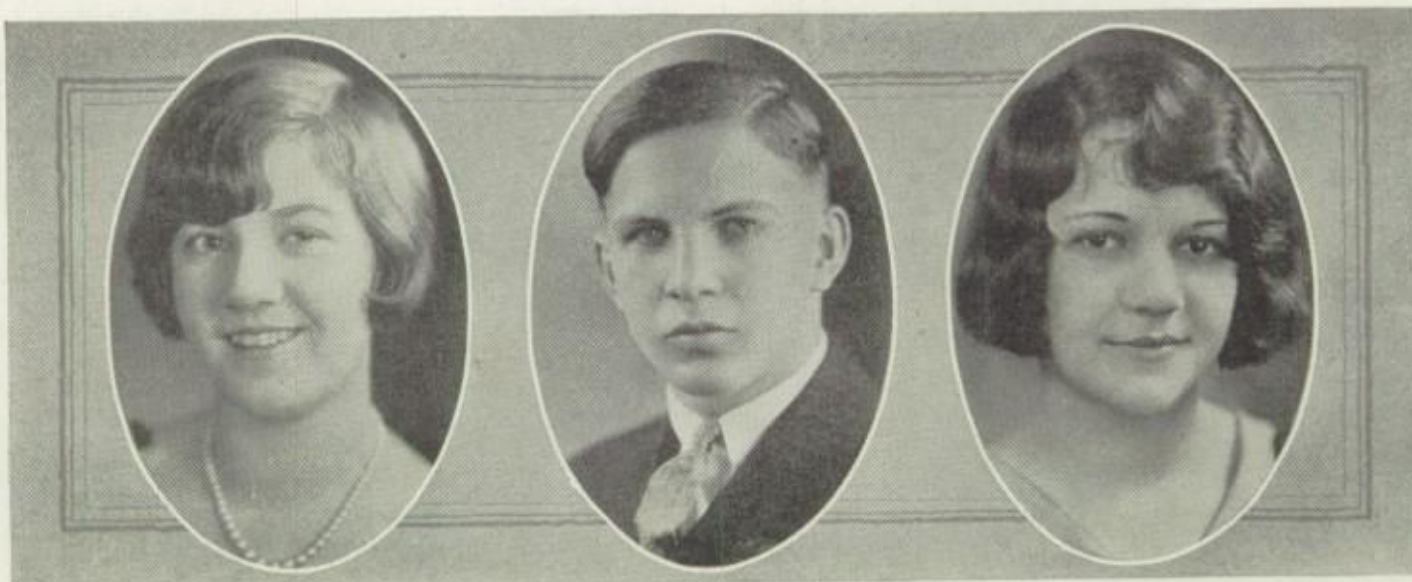
HAZEL W. GUILLOTT
General Science Normal; 3½-
Year Graduate; Orchestra 1, 2, 3,
4; Civics Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*A strain of music in the air
Will find enjoyment anywhere.*



EDNA KAREN MARIE HANSEN
Commercial Course.
*Happy who in his verse can gently
steer,
From grave to light, from pleasure
to severe.*

ALINE L. HARTMANN . "Frenchy"
General Science Course.
*The joy of youth and health her eyes
display,
And ease of heart her every look
conveys.*

GLADYS HEATH
General Language Course; Or-
chestra 1, 2, 3; Chorus 2, 3; French
Club 4; Arts Club 4; Swimming.
*Her fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along.*



ALICE C. HELLER . . . "Al"
Commercial Course; Swimming
2, 3, 4; Dancing 2, 3; Baseball 3;
Gymnasium 1, 2.
*Her heart is light within her,
Whatever wind doth blow.*

FRED J. HENNING
Circulation Manager Schurz
World.
*He has a head on his shoulders,
And well knows how to use it.*

EDNA VIRGINIA HEWLING . "Ed"
Household Arts Course; Swim-
ming 2, 3; Chorus 1, 2, 3; Radio.
*I have but one lamp by which my
feet are guided, and that is the
lamp of experience.*



MARIE HILDEMAN . . . "Speed"
General History; Chorus 1, 2,
3, 4; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey
3, 4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic.
*Her air, her manners, all who saw
admired.*

WALTER J. HOFFMAN . . . "Red"
General Science; Social Com-
mittee 4; Guard 2, 3, 4; Dramatic
Club 4; Civics Club 4.
*An all-weather fellow is "Red"
No one can we put in his stead.*

ARTHUR ISSERSTEDT . . . "Fiddler"
General History Course; Orches-
tra 1, 2, 3, 4; R. O. T. C. 1, 2, 3;
Guard 3.
That which he starts, he finishes.



JENNIE H. IVERSON
General Science Course.
*To those who know thee not, no
words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all
words are faint.*

CHESTER JACHIMOWSKI . "Chet"
General Science Course; Guard
Marshal 4; Schurz World Art Staff
4; Schurz World Assistant 4.
*You've heard the old saying—fat
and jolly.*

EDITH M. JACOB . "Edee"
Commercial Course; Swimming
2; Hockey 3; Chorus 2, 3, 4;
Civics Club 4.
*The opinion of the strongest is
always the best.*



LUCILLE JACOBSON . . . "Lu"
General Science; Spanish Club
3; Swimming 3, 4; Schurz World.
*All loved Lu in a seemly way
With an earnest soul and a cap-
ital L.*

EMMA B. JASPER . . . "Ems"
Commercial and Intensive
Course; Spanish Club 2, 3; Swim-
ming 3; Guard 4; Library 4.
*Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.*

GEORGE JOERGER
*He will be long remembered for his
love of fun.*



MILDRED S. JOHNSON . "Milly"
General Science; French Club 2;
Athletics 2, 3, 4; Guard 3, 4;
Dramatic Club 4.
*The work of the world must still be
done,*

NORMA M. JOHNSON . "Nuzzy"
General Science; Dancing 2, 3,
4; Dramatic Club; Civics Club;
Outdoor Club.
*Who pleasure gives shall joy re-
ceive.*

DOROTHY U. JUHNKE
General History; Spanish Club
3, 4; Civics Club 4; Chorus 2;
Guard 4.
*Kind of shy with pleasant ways,
Well liked, all her days.*



ALLEN V. KARMAN . . . "ooh Alum"
General Science; Orchestra 1, 2,
3, 4; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Band 3, 4;
Drum Major, 3, 4; R. O. T. C.
*Allen is our most talkative;
And he isn't bashful, either.*



LEROY D. KAUFMANN . . . "Coffee"
General History Course; 3 1/2
Year Graduate; Honor Guard 2;
Civics Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*Ambition marks the path for a well-
earned success.*



LESTER A. KELLY . . . "Kell"
Technical Course.
He is serious-minded.



NATHAN L. KEREN . . . "Nate"
Science; Chorus 2, 3.
*Nate is never over-serious,
But a rare, good fellow.*



J. RAYMOND KIEDING . . . "Ray"
Technical; Swimming Team 3,
4; Football; Schurz World Staff.
*Ray was of great length in stature
And of great strength in sports.*



HAROLD R. KLAVES
Technical Course.
*Words with Harold are few,
But mighty weighty when spoken.*



KENNETH KNUTSON
Technical; Guard 4.
*Willing and competent;
He is to be depended upon.*



GENEVIEVE KOCHANSKI
General History; Swimming 1,
2, 3, 4; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Schurz
World Staff 4; Civics Club
*Spreading good-cheer is
Her pleasant duty to perform*



HELEN M. KOPP . . . "Cop"
General Science; Swimming 1,
2, 3, 4; Chorus 3, 4; Chess and
Checker Club 4; Dramatic Club 4;
*Her ability to mix well in school
Is sure in the world to be a handy
tool.*



YALE J. KRASNOWSKY . "Jule"
General Course.
A friendly, happy fellow—and a likeable one.

HERMAN H. P. KROENCKE "Herm"
General Course; C horus 2;
Dramatic Club 4.
*Reliability and friendliness
Are Herm's outstanding qualities.*

MARGARET W. KRONE
General Language; French Club
2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 2; Swimming
1; Guard 3.
A true friend to those who know her.



ALVIN L. KULIEKE . "Koke"
General Course; Track 2, 3, 4;
Dramatic Club 4; Civics Club 4;
Chorus 4.
Koke is studious and efficient.

CATHERINE LEE LACROSSE "Kate"
General History; Chorus 1, 2, 3,
4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Swimming
1, 2, 3; Outdoor Club 4; Guard 3, 4.
*Always willing to help you,
A friend both tried and true.*

FLORENCE ROMAINE LARSEN "Flo"
Commercial; Dramatic Club;
Outdoor Club 4; Dancing 2, 3.
*Never attracts attention great,
But steady is she, as by fate.*



HERBERT IRVING LARSON . "Red"
Technical Course; Civics Club 4;
Guard 3.
*What men have done can still be done
And shall be done today.*

LILLIAN LAVETTS . "Lil"
Commercial; Dancing 2, 3;
Chorus 2; Guard Marshal 4.
*After school days are done,
A good steno she will become.*

RUTH LECKER
Commercial Course; Civics Club
4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Motto
Committee; Class Historian.
*She did her task whenever told,
A recommendation worth gold.*



HERBERT W. LEHMAN "Herb"
General History; Guard 4.
No man was glorious, who was not laborious.

CORA LEMAY
General Language Course; Dramatic Club 4; Civics Club 4; Schurzzone Committee.
She is due to rise to fame, By her ability to play the game.

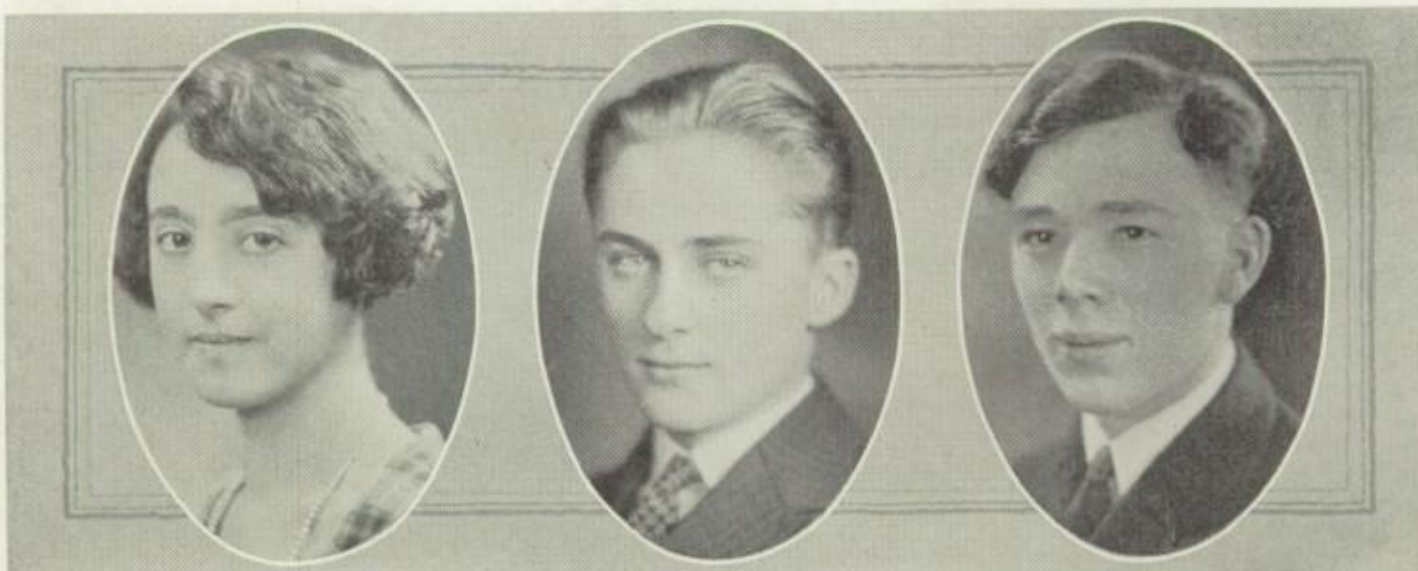
ERIC LEUFSTEDT
General Science Course; Basketball Lts. 3; French Club 2, 3; Civics Club 4; Class Orchestra.
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.



MARY C. LOUTH
General History Course; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4; Civics Club 4; Social Committee 4.
Mary is both fair and sweet, A violinist who can't be beat.

J. LUCILLE LUEDKE "Jean Lu"
Commercial Course; Associate Editor Schurz World and Schurzzone; Originator of Frosh World.
Lucille is jolly and full of pep; As a journalist she has quite a "rep"

HERBERT K. MCGUIRE "Herb"
Technical Course; Civics Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Literary Club 4; Schurz World Staff 4.
Good work, Herb Push on, keep moving.



LYDIA MARQUARDT
General History; Civics Club 4; Chess and Checker Club 4; Arts Club 4; Advanced dancing 3, 4.
Lydia tells not all she knows, Has many friends and few foes.

ELMER C. MARTIN "Marty"
General History; Chorus 4; Track 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Secretary of the Radio Club 4.
Marty has a way of judging the future by the past.

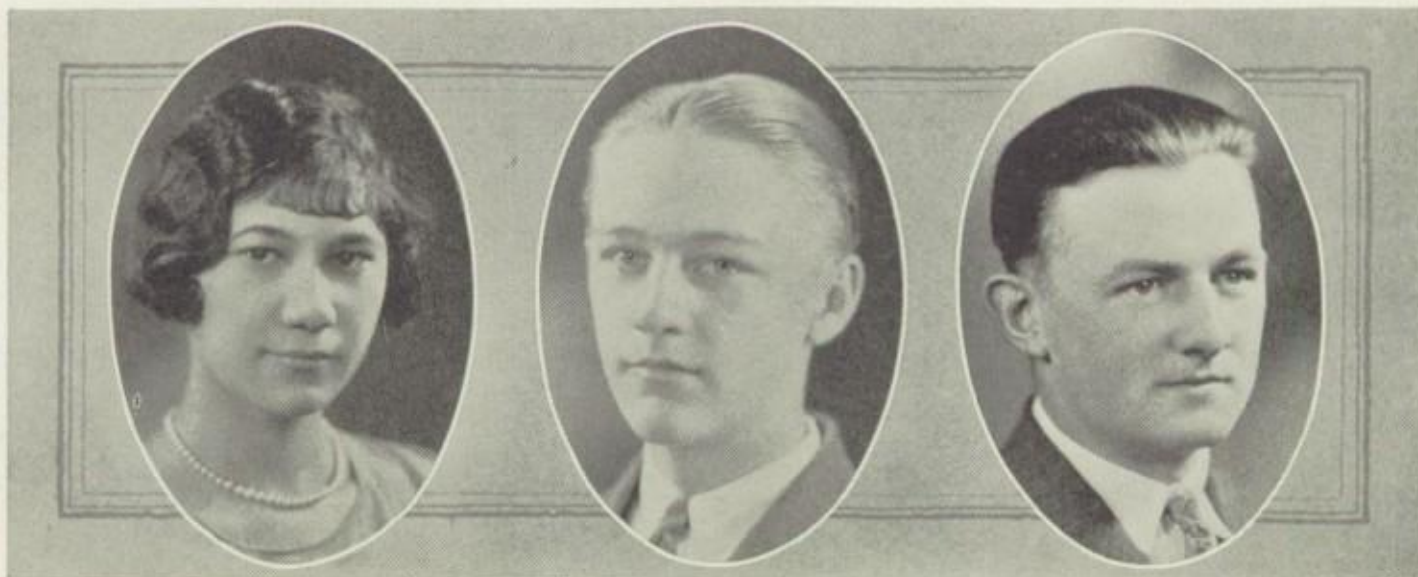
ROBERT MASON "Bob"
Technical Course; Soccer Football; 2, 3, 4; Band; 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Checker Club 4.
Teachers of wisdom who could once beguile.



GERALDINE McDOUGALD "Jerry"
Commercial Course.
*Her timidity withholds her greatness
From other eyes.*

FRANCIS MCGARY . . . "Mac"
Swimming 2, 3, 4; Captain
Swimming 4; Chorus 2, 3, 4; Foot-
ball 4; Letterman Club.
*Strew gladness on the paths of men—
You will not pass this way again.*

ROBERT McMENAMY
Soccer 4; Guard 4; R.O.T.C. 1, 2.
*The treasures of the deep are not so
precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a
man.*



IRMA JEANNE MERLE
Commercial Course; Spanish
Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4;
Chess and Checker Club 4.
*A willing, helpful spirit
Is loved where'er it goes.*

ERLING MEYER
Commercial Course; R. O. T. C.
2, 3, 4; Schurzzone Delegate 1.
*Not too quiet, not too loud,
But noticeable, even in a crowd.*

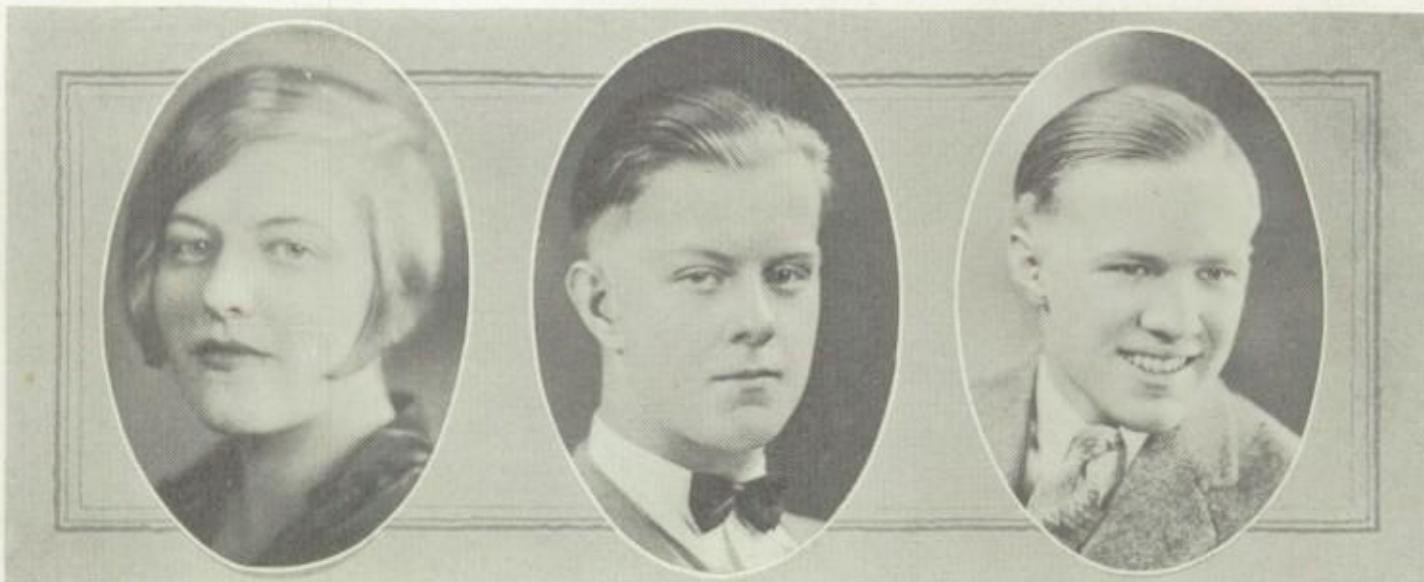
WILLIAM MEYER . . . "Bill"
General Science Course; Fresh-
man Football.
This world belongs to the energetic.



DOROTHY MITTELSTAEDT
Commercial Course.
A merry heart that laughs at care.

MILDRED MOIR
General Science Course; Civics
Club.
She has a pleasing personality.

JACKSON B. MOORE . . . "Jack"
General Science Course; Chorus
2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Chess and
Checker 4.
*He towers high just like a king.
And we all know that he can sing.*



ETHEL A. NELSON
General Science Course; Dancing
1; Guard 4; Schurz World Staff 4.
She welcomes friendship as her own.

HILBERT NELSON "Bibs"
Technical Course; Guard 3;
Civics Club 4.
*Bibs is a quiet boy;
But to many he's brought joy.*

MARTIN NELSON "Marty"
General History Course; R. O.
T. C. 2, 3; Guard 4.
*Marty's quiet, but trustworthy for
a' that.*



FLORENCE A. NEUDECKER
General Language Course; Guard
4.
She was thoughtful of others.

MARIAN NIELSON
General History; Guard 4;
Swimming; Dancing; Spanish Club;
Civics Club.
*She surely is conscientious in all her
doing.*

JOSEPH W. NIEMANN "Hot Shot"
Technical Course; R. O. T. C. 1;
Dramatic Club 4; Civics Club 4;
Guard 3; Lightweight Basketball.
*Hot Shot has a host of friends,
A willing hand he always lends.*



EDNA L. NITZE "Ed"
Commercial Course; Swimming
1, 2; Hockey 3; Civics Club 4.
*Edna was pretty and dainty,
And we loved her with all our hearts.*

ERNEST I. NOREEN "Ernie"
Technical Course; Guard 2, 3.
*Good-natured, friendly—
What more could be desired?*

ROBERT OAKES "Bob"
General History; Football 3;
Tennis 4; Chorus 2; Civics Club 4;
Social Committee 4.
Bob shines in social life.



HARRIETT M. OLDS "Honey"
History Course; Swimming 1, 2,
3; Guard 4; Spanish Club 4.
*In character, in manner, in style, in
all things,
Supreme excellence is simplicity.*

MILDRED E. OLSEN "Millie"
Commercial Course; Basketball
1, 2, 3; Baseball 2; Journalism 3;
Hockey 2, 3; Swimming 3.
*A very athletic girl is she.
With lovely hair and personality.*

RALPH OLSEN "Jit"
Technical Course; Swimming.
He always did his part seriously.



ELEANOR A. OLSON "El"
Commercial Course; Guard 3;
Hockey 3; Basketball 3; Spanish
Club 3; Civics Club 4.
*She acts with such ease,
Her manner doth please.*

MYRON G. OLSON "Ole"
Technical Course; Radio Club 3;
Guard 4.
A loyal friend to everyone.

MURIEL J. B. ONSRUD "Murnie"
General Science; Swimming 2, 3,
4; Civics Club; Guard Marshal 4;
French Club 2, 3.
*There are few of beauty's daughters
With a magic like hers.*



GORDON W. ORBESEN "Gordy"
General Science Course; R. O. T.
C. 1, 2; Guard 4.
*Jolly and gay, with much love for
play.*

VERNA M. OTT
General Latin Course; Chairman
Humor Committee; Chess and
Checker Club 3, 4; Outdoor Club 4.
*Verna has brilliant eyes and hair,
And of wit has quite a share.*

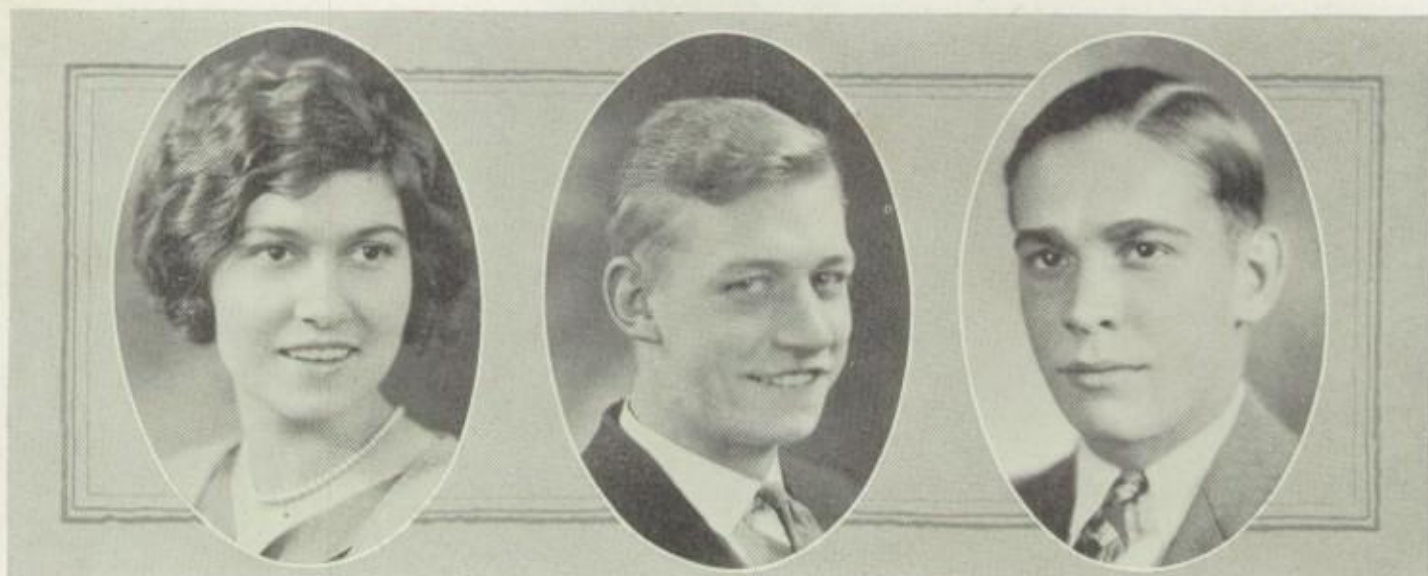
CHARLES E. PALMGREN "Swede"
General Science; Dramatic Club;
Civics Club; Guard 2, 3.
He dared try the task of any man.



THADDEUS J. PANEK . . . "Ted"
Technical Course; Radio Club 2.
*Teddy was a real pal,
And we'll miss him when he bids
farewell.*

MARION GLADYS PAULSEN
Commercial Course; Swimming 2,
3; Spanish Club 2, 3.
*A talkative girl, the whole class said,
She speaks whate'er thoughts come
into her head.*

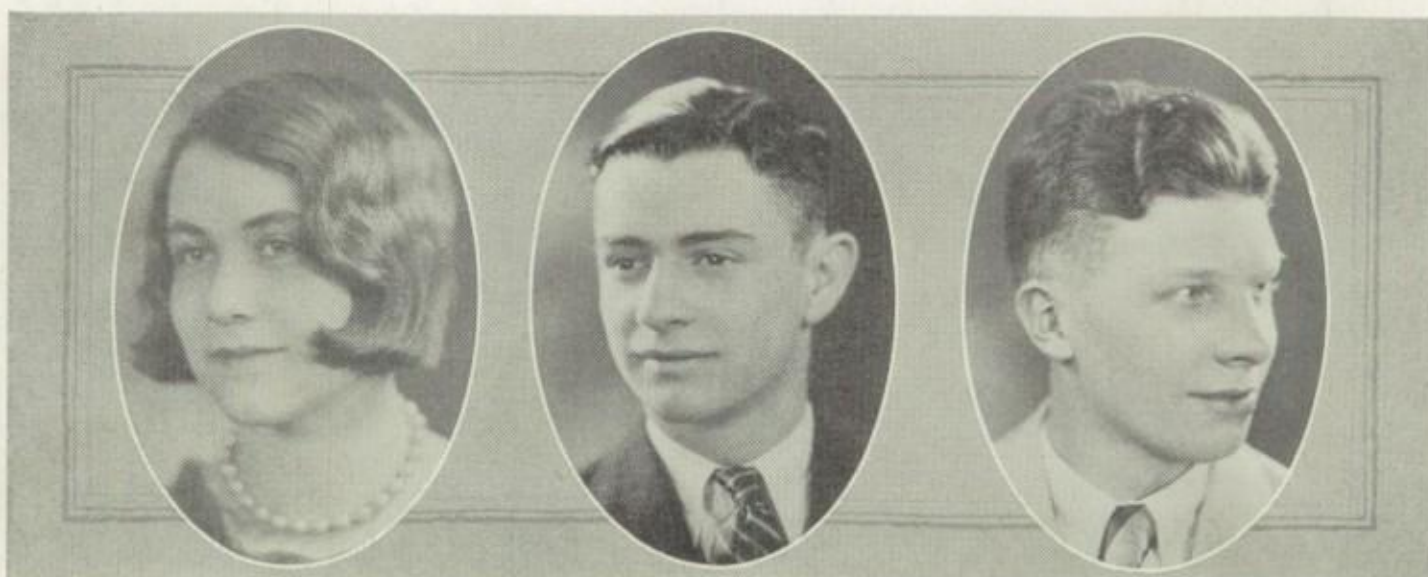
WILLIAM R. PAULSEN "Bill"
Technical Course; Guard 2;
Radio Club 3; Track 4; Soccer 3, 4;
City Champs 3.
*A conscientious worker
Who was always on the job.*



FLORENCE L. PEAVEY "Florrie"
Commercial Course; Guard Mar-
shal 3; Swimming 3.
*A lovely girl, with a lovely smile,
Which seems to make all life worth-
while.*

HENRY PETERSEN . . . "Pete"
Commercial.
*A quiet, deep-thinking man's word is
always respected.*

RALPH I. PETERSON "Pete"
Technical Course; Guard 3;
Radio Club 3; Freshman Basket-
ball.
Every one is rewarded for his virtues.



LAURETTA PITCH
Normal Course; Civics Club 4;
Art Club 4; Dramatic Club 4;
Guard 4; Baseball 1, 3.
*The truest greatness lies in being
kind.*

WILLIAM POISNER . . . "Bill"
Gen. Hist. Lang. Course; 3 1/2
year graduate; Track 3, 4.
*This man possesses a witty mind;
Which makes him one of the popular
kind.*

HAROLD POMAZAL "Red"
General Science; R. O. T. C. 4
years; second lieutenant; Bull Dog
Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Camp Roosevelt.
*In bliss serene through life I toil,
I know not care or midnight oil.*



DONALD C. PREUSS . . . "Don"
Technical Course; Second Lieutenant R. O. T. C.; R. O. T. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain Signalling Team 1, 2.
*A plain and honest man,
Who does whate'er he can.*

ISRAEL S. PROSTERMAN "Issy"
Technical Course; R. O. T. C. 2, 3, 4; Freshman Football 1.
*When he speaks, he speaks his mind;
And more weighty speeches you cannot find.*

DOROTHY PROUDFOOT . . . "Dot"
Science Course; Spanish Club 3, 4; Radio Club 3; Guard 4; Civics Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*Every time you meet her
She is sweeter.*



RUTH B. QUAST "Ruthie"
General History Course; Dancing 3; Guard 3; Arts Club 4; Civics Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Guard 4.
Ruthie was sweet, cheerful and self-possessed.

FRED H. RAEDEL, JR. "Fritz"
Gen. Science Course; R. O. T. C. 1, 2, 3; Second Lieutenant; Hi-Y Club; Guard 4.
The road to success is toil.

ERNA H. RASMUSSEN "Red"
Commercial and Intensive Course; Librarian 4; Dramatic Club 4; Spanish Club 2.
*She is exceedingly fair
With many virtues rare.*



BERNEZ RATHKE "Bernie"
General Science; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 2; Literary Club 4; Guard 2, 3; Dancing 1.
*Bernie has a roguish style
And is loyal all the while.*

THERESA RASZ
General Course.
*Friendly and pleasant—with always
a song,
Cheerful and merry the happy day
long.*

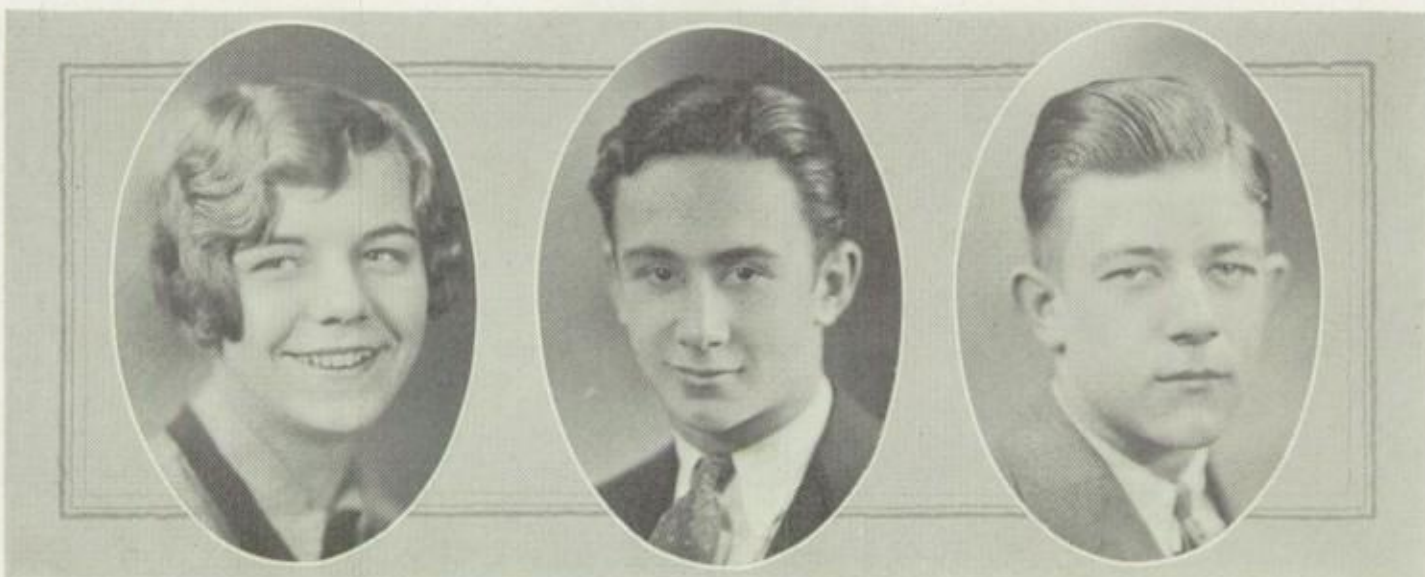
JOSEPH RIVA . . . "Joe"
Commercial; Golf Team; Pres; Golf Club 4; Editor Schurz World; Class Lawyer; Band 1, 2, 3, 4.
*A man of activity was our Joe,
Always speedy, never slow.*



ELIZABETH E. ROE
Household Arts Course; Ad-
vanced Athletics 3, 4; Hockey 2,
3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.
*Ever generous, kind, and sweet,
Mighty pleasant when'er we meet.*

SYLVIA ROLFF "Syl"
Household Arts Course; Dancing
2, 3, 4; Swimming 2; Dramatic Club
4; Civics Club 4.
*Sylvia, with her dancing feet,
You could very, very seldom beat.*

EDWIN ROPER "Ed"
Science Course.
*Athletic and popular—
There's no one like him.*



JOSEPHINE W. ROZIENE "Joie"
Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Civics Club 4;
Dancing 2; Guard 4; Swimming 2.
*A nicer girl you cannot find,
Joie is pleasant, sincere and kind.*

IRWIN RUBENSTEIN "Red"
General History; Guard 4;
Swimming 4; Civics Club 4.
*This man whose worth's confirmed
at sight
Always did what he thought right.*

STIG RUNDSTROM "Chick"
General History; Spanish Club 2,
3, 4; Soccer 2, 4; Kelyvn Park Inter-
room Volley Ball 1; Guard 4; Civics
Club 4; Dramatic Club 4.
In all activities he did take part.



MABEL L. RUSSAKOV "Mibs"
General History Course; Swim-
ming 1, 2, 3; Dancing 2; Gym. 1, 2;
French Club 2, 3.
*A girl so sweet and fair,
With a smile and pleasant air.*

ARNOLD RUUD
Social Science.
A wise man does not talk much.

FRANCES IRENE SCHEFFNER—
"Frannie"
Commercial Course; Civics Club
4; Chairman Epitaph Committee.
*A true sweet character is the best asset
in the world.*



LOUIS SCHMALZER "Louie"
Technical; R. O. T. C. 1, 2;
Civics Club.
*When there was work to be done,
He was on the job.*

DAVID W. SCHNEIDER "Dave"
General Science Course; Orches-
tra 1, 2; Chess and Checker Club
(Secretary and Vice-President).
*Ambitious, studious, and liked by all
Our Dave was never known to stall!*

RUTH E. SCHREIBER "Ruthie"
General Science Course; 3 ½ year
graduate; Chorus 1, 2, 4; Civics Club
4; Dramatic Club 4.
*A girl of intelligence
And a friend worth while.*



EVELYN V. SCHROEDER "Evie"
General Science; Chorus 1, 2, 3,
4; Guard 4.
*Music hath charms;
Evie hath both.*

HELEN SCHURR
Commercial Course.
*Helen with her laughing eyes,
Was a continual sweet surprise.*

EVELYN SCHWANTES
Household Arts Course; Chorus
2, 4; Outdoor Club 4; Chess and
Checker Club 4; Civics Club 4.
*Her quiet manner and ready smile
Made Evelyn a friend worth while.*



JOSEPH SCHWARTZ "Camel"
He knows the art of making friends.

ANGELA R. SCHWARZ "Angie"
Commercial Course; Chorus 2, 3,
4; Secretary of Chess and Checker
Club 4.
*Like her there are very few we see,
For she's just full of energy.*

VIRGINIA HELEN SCHYE "Jinny"
3 ½ year graduate; General
Science Course; Class Orchestra;
Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4.
*Jinny was a studious lass,
Graduating ahead of her class.*



ANNA SEERUP
Household Arts Course.
*Here is a girl who is due for sure fame
Pleasant and gay—as sweet as her
name!*

GRACE M. SHEFFER
Commercial Course; Drawing 2;
Gym 2; Dramatic 1.
*A quiet girl with friendly air,
Who smiled away her daily care.*

EMILY I. SHERMER "Shrimp"
Household Arts Course; Dra-
matic Club 4; Civics Club 4; Danc-
ing 3, 4; Chorus 3.
*A happy and carefree lass is she
Always at what she ought to be.*



ATWELL SHINN "At"
General Science; Band 1, 2, 3, 4;
R. O. T. C. 1, 2; Chicago Honor
Band 4.
*In good looks he did excel,
That's how he got along so well.*

ALICE M. SINIARSKI "Alicia"
Commercial Course; Chess and
Checker Club 4; Chorus 2, 3, 4;
Swimming 1, 2; Civics 3.
*To fame Alicia did aspire;
We know that she'll gain her desire.*

SYLVIA SMITH
General History Course; 3 ½ year
graduate; Literary Club 4; German
Club 4; Guard 4; Dancing 2, 3.
*A comely face is not a slight advan-
tage in the world.*



HELEN E. SNOW
General Science Course; Social
Committee 4A; Guard Marshal 4;
Civics Club; Journalism.
*Virtue alone is true nobility;
And virtue in her you can easily see.*

HELEN E. SPLITHOFF "Splits"
General History Course; Swim-
ming 1, 2, 3; Gym. 1, 2, 3; Dancing
1, 2, 3; Spanish Club 4.
*We found her charming, but we knew
not half*

VEDA STERN
3 ½ year graduate; General
Science Course; Dramatic Club 4;
Civics Club 4; French Club 2, 3, 4.
*She accomplishes much in little time,
Cause work fits snugly in her line.*



FRANK GIBSON STONESIFER—
"Story"
Commercial Spanish Course;
Great activities in early life
Lead to greater accomplishments
later on.

ELEANOR STRAKA
General History; Motto Commit-
tee; Spanish Club 2, 3, 4.
A girl gifted with knowledge of life
To help her on in its struggle and
strife.

LLOYD A. SZYMANSKI
General Science Course; Guard 4.
A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.



ANNE V. THARNSTROM
General Science Course; Chorus
1, 2, 3, 4; Drawing 1, 2, 3; Chess and
Checker Club 4; Outdoor Club 4.
A girl who can be depended upon in
an emergency.

BEATRICE THON "Bee"
Commercial Course; Dramatic
Club 4; Dancing 2; Drawing 1;
Epitaph Committee.
Sweetest of the sweet is Bee,
Her readings much enjoyed have we.

LEROY TORGERSO "Torgy"
General History; Dramatic Club
Treasurer 4; Civics Club 4; Hi-Y
Club 3; Basketball 4.
The greater the task,
The greater the accomplishment.



BURTON L. TRODSON "Trod"
General Science; Editor Schur-
zone 4; Editor Schurz World 4;
Outdoor Club 4.
An editor he will surely be
He got his start in the World, you see.

HELEN VAVAK
General History Course; Spanish
Club 2, 3, 4; Civics Club 4; Chorus
4; Swimming 1; Drawing 2.
A wonderful girl—that's all we can
say.

MARY VINCI
General Science Course; Chess
and Checker Club 4.
May she continue to win her way in
the sea
Of life as she has with us.



SIDONIE VOLCKAERT "Sid"
General History Course; 3 ½ year
graduate; Literary Club 4; Secre-
tary of German Club 3.
*Though many know her to be shy,
They also know her to rank high,*

ELEANOR B. VOLQUARTZ "Red"
Household Arts Course; Civics
Club (Secretary) 4; Dramatic Club
4; Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4.
*The glory of her golden hair
Radiates even from her smile.*

MILAN VYDAREMY "Mike
Mulligan"
Technical Course.
*A silent man and one you'll like,
Our quiet, ever-friendly "Mike."*



NELLIE ADELINE WARBOLD "Add"
Social Science Course; Chorus 1,
2, 3, 4; Guard 4; Spanish 1, 2.
*With a pleasant way and a pleasant
choice,
And a very, very cultured voice.*

LUCILLE A. WANDTKE "Ceil"
General History Course; Spanish
Club; Civics Club 4; Guard 4.
*With a smile here and a kind word
there,
And willing to help one anywhere.*

JOHN WARREN "Jack"
General Course; Band 2; Dra-
matic Club 4; Guard 4; Civics 4.
*Tall and studious is Jack,
Common sense he does not lack.*



CHARLOTTE L. WEBER "Char"
General History; Literary 3, 4;
Associate Schurzzone Editor, 3, 4;
Constitutional Committee.
*She's as fine as she can be,
And well upholds her dignity.*

ROBERT A. WEBER "Bob"
Technical Course; Freshman
Basketball Champs; Indoor Base-
ball Champs 2; Civics Club 4.
*There are very, very few can be,
As great a champ of champs as he.*

ERNEST WERBEL "Ernie"
General History Course; Track
2; Manager of Track Team 3, 4;
Manager of Soccer Team 4.
*Ernie's nice—yes really swell,
And oh, how he can make them yell.*



MARIE WESEMAN "Ree"
General Course; 3 1/4 year graduate; Dramatic Club; Civics Club; French Club.
*Marie is jolly and quite small,
And very well liked by all.*

GLADYS M. WICK "Glad"
General History and Language; Spanish Club; Dramatic Club; Basket Ball and Hockey; Guard.
*"Glad" is as her name implies,
A musician and an athlete wise.*

HAROLD WITTHOFT "Witts"
General Science Course; R. O. T. C. 1, 2; Guard 4; Dramatic Club 4.
*A silent and an honest man,
Has as many friends as any can.*



LILLIAN WOLF "Lil"
Commercial Course; Civics Club 4; Arts Club 4; Baseball 2; Basket Ball 3.
*The noblest question in the world is
What good may I do in it?*

LOUISE WUETHRICH
General History Course.
*She lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship she was true.*

MARY YEARICK
Household Arts; Chorus 2, 4; Outdoor Club 4. Chess and Checker Club 4; Civics Club 4; Adv.
*In stature she is small,
But in worth, she's tall.*



MABEL YOUNGREN "Mae"
General Science Course (Intensive Course); Guard 4; Civics Club 4; Gym. 1, 2, 3; Drawing 1, 2.
Her friendliness is revealed but to a few.

THEODORE ZAKRZEWSKI "Ted Zak"
General Science; Military 1, 2, 3; Band 2, 3; Bull Dog Club 3.
*Ted's way is nice; his hair is red,
A finer dancer never led!*



BEATRICE THON
HOWARD EVENSEN

FRANCES SCHEFFNER
IRVING STOLLER

LUCILLE LUEDKE
BURTON TRODSON

Class History

By RUTH LECKER AND ELMER MARTIN

February, 1925. It will be remembered that about four years ago there was much speculation as to the outcome of the hazardous voyage undertaken by the good ship City of Schurz. Many believed it was folly to attempt the



journey, but the skipper of the vessel, Captain Slocum, was determined to set out. The goal, which then seemed so far away, was the City of Graduation.

The crew of the City of Schurz was composed of various classes, many weak-willed, who turned back shortly after the journey had started; but the greater number remained to make a name for themselves wherever the boat set anchor.

The trip is now finished. And to satisfy those who believed it could not end well, Captain Slocum has published the "log," which was in his keeping during the four year voyage.

The following are excerpts from this interesting "log."

February, 1922. Amid the cheers and best wishes of all concerned with their welfare, the crew of the City of Schurz set out on their maiden voyage to the City of Graduation from Port Ayaitch (A. H.).

The passengers were assigned to quarters under the command of several officers. (Sorrow among freshies when sent to division rooms different from those of their friends).

Unfamiliar seas were encountered immediately (seniors, juniors, sophomores).

March, 1922. Vessel stopped at first floating post office. A letter for each member of the crew was found. Some were written in black, commending the receiver, while others in red served as a warning. (First report cards.)

Examination Shark only disturbance during this period of the journey. Several members lost by encounter with him. He also carefully guarded the entrance to the Port of Soph. The successful members of the crew were able to evade him and finally arrived in port.

February, 1923. The City of Schurz expectantly and joyfully entered the Port of Soph. Joined by a smaller boat from Kelvyn Harbor. The party started on a hunt for the buried Honor Roll and Good Marks of which they had heard so much.

The Red Mark Showers, which frequently occurred, proved very detrimental to those who could not withstand the dampness.

Clara Gruzalski proved to be the first to find the highest prize. Spurred on by her success, many got better results. Umbrellas of Industry protected these from frequent showers.

In order to reach the boat for the next sailing, some attempted to use "ponies," but these became lame. Guide Study aided the energetic members of the crew in getting there on time.

February, 1924. The crew of the City of Schurz set sail for Senior Land across Junior Sea. Periodically, the shark appeared to frighten travelers. He was finally wounded by the leaders, though unhappily not killed.

Fine sailing and beautiful weather made this period of the trip very enjoyable. (First Junior Dance.)

June, 1924. On reaching the tropical regions, crew became lazy and petitioned for rest. Stopover made at an island. The crew was given ten weeks' shore-leave. (Vacation.)

September, 1924. The City of Schurz prepared to leave the island and was joined by S. S. Sumrskool. Both vessels took up anchor and continued sail across Junior Sea.

Senior Land loomed in sight. Inhabitants of Senior Land sent out detachment to welcome in travelers. (Dramatic Club Dance for Juniors.)

February, 1925. All dwellers of Senior Land paid tribute to the new-comers. (4A dances for 4B's.)

A government was set up to rule during the stay here. Much debate took place over the choosing of a leader. (Elections.)

Aside from these events, a happy season was passed.

June, 1925. It was decided that all should rest in order to be prepared for the last leg of the journey. (Our last vacation.)

September, 1925. Irving Stoller chosen as leader. Proved his ability by mapping out plans for final stay on the island. Organizations took on new form and work began.

January, 1925. The crew gave a great festival in honor of being able to approach the City of Grad. (Prom.)

President Stoller called the island in session to plan for the future. (Class Night.) Addresses were given by those who had distinguished themselves during the long, four year voyage.

Provisions were made for the perilous journey to the capital—The City of Graduation.

Finally, success was achieved. The party triumphantly entered the city and the members received shields to guard them in all future experiences. (Graduation and Diplomas.)

Class Prophecy

By FRANCES SCHEFFNER AND GUSTAVE EHNBORN

It was a dull, gloomy day in December, 1950, a horrible day. Two reporters who had braved the cold, finally reached their destination. They entered a tall, imposing-looking building. As the man stooped to examine the building directory, the woman who accompanied him stripped off her gloves and blew upon her chilled fingers.

"Look here," he said suddenly. "Didn't they go to school with us?" His finger ran along under the name "Aronson-Stern & Company, Commercial Artists, Offices 15th Floor."

"They did," she replied, "and here are more. The 'Dose-Dwyer-Dunlop-Dersch Photographers'; and here's the 'Oakes-Greenfield Company—Importers of Parisian Creations'."

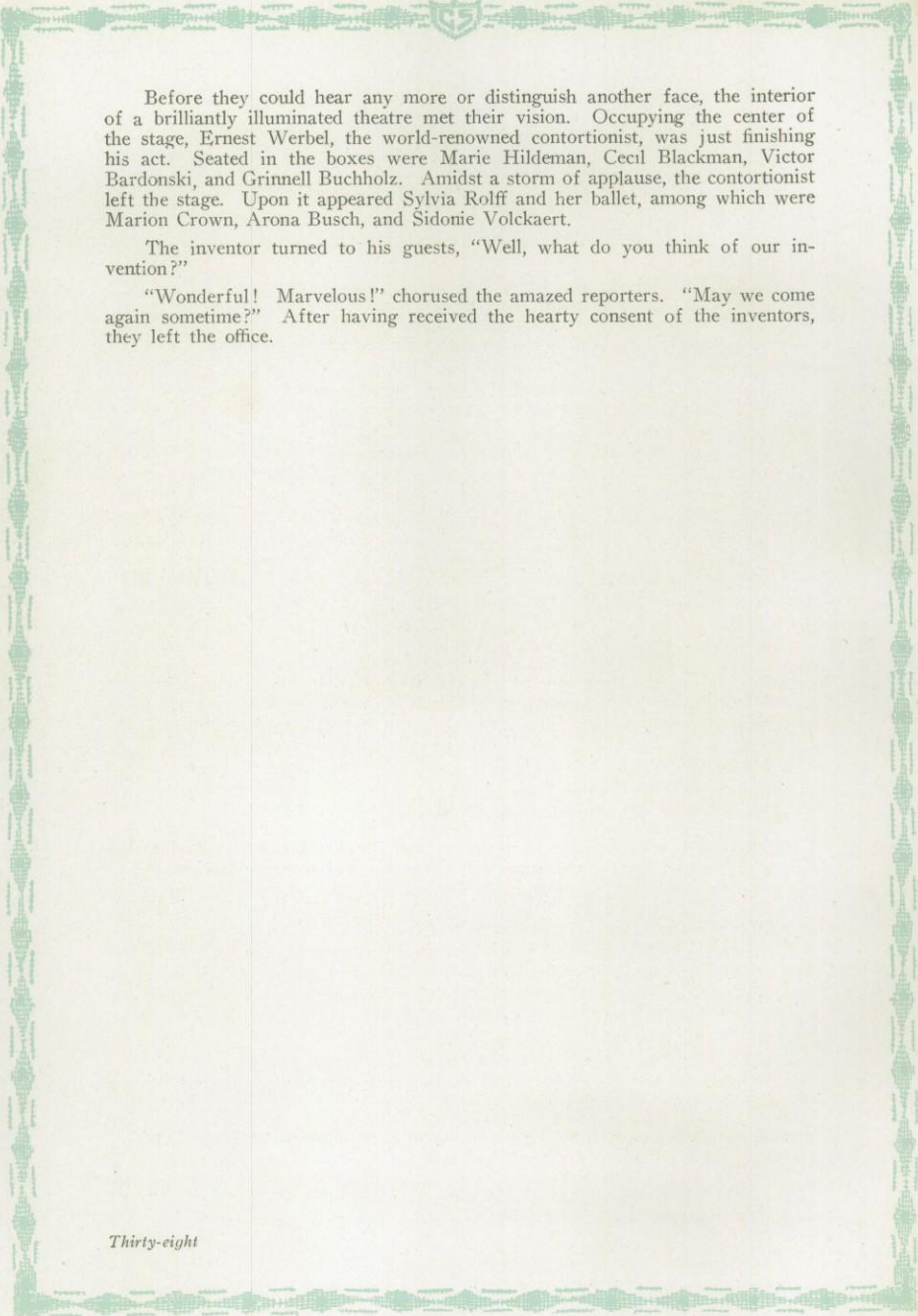
"Ah—but here's the one we've been looking for—'Lecker & Martin, Chemists and Inventors'." When the automatic elevator had delivered them at the floor desired, they found themselves standing before a door, upon the glass panel of which was printed "Ruth Lecker & Elmer Martin, Private." Being privileged characters, they entered. A woman, her dark eyes aglow with achievement, met them.

"Come in," she cried. "You're just in time to try our latest invention, the 'Radio Television' machine. It surely is a wonder—the best thing we've ever made." She ushered them into a large room, where seated, was a man intently at work upon the mechanism of something that looked much like an elaborate moving-picture screen. The man was none other than Elmer Martin, the world famed inventor. He was so intent upon his work that he scarcely looked up as they entered, but went on manipulating the dials of the device.

Immediately there flashed upon the screen an elaborately decorated arena in Spain. Seated next to the king was the great diplomat, Edward Bowman. On his right was the President of the United States, Irving Stoller. This was the famous contest which was to determine the world's champion toreador. In the ring Alvido Cimeley, the American champion and el senor Roberto de la McMenamin battled for supremacy. Among the most prominent spectators were Dorothy Juhnke, Marion Paulsen, Bernard Cohn, Charlotte Weber, Frank Stonesifer, Lester Briesenick, Genevieve Kochanski, and Ernest Faigle.

The loud speaker attached to the machine emitted a few weird groans and then the listeners heard "Peanuts, pop corn, cracker jack, and chewing gum. Anybody else?" They exchanged amused glances and watched the screen intently. A white clad man was wending his way through the crowds, carrying an immense basket upon his shoulders. "Allen Karman!" they cried in unison.

Again the scene changed, this time revealing a busy restaurant. The electric sign over the door bore witness to the fact that it was the "Rose Tea Room" and that Arthur Bagge was its proprietor. Seated at a table near one of the windows were Beatrice Thon, who had become a reader and impersonator of international note; Stig Rundstrom, a professor of Spanish; Marion Enerson, a brilliant society light, and Robert Anderson, of no mean fame in football. At a table in a remote corner, Lionel Briggs, a dearly-beloved poet sat murmuring verses to himself, a distressed absent-minded frown upon his forehead. "And fought for maidens fair," he whispered.



Before they could hear any more or distinguish another face, the interior of a brilliantly illuminated theatre met their vision. Occupying the center of the stage, Ernest Werbel, the world-renowned contortionist, was just finishing his act. Seated in the boxes were Marie Hildeman, Cecil Blackman, Victor Bardonski, and Grinnell Buchholz. Amidst a storm of applause, the contortionist left the stage. Upon it appeared Sylvia Rolff and her ballet, among which were Marion Crown, Arona Busch, and Sidonie Volckaert.

The inventor turned to his guests, "Well, what do you think of our invention?"

"Wonderful! Marvelous!" chorused the amazed reporters. "May we come again sometime?" After having received the hearty consent of the inventors, they left the office.

Last Will And Testament

By LUCILLE LUEDKE AND JOSEPH RIVA

At last the time for parting comes
And we must say adieu;
We've had a gay old time at Schurz,
And we hate to leave,—it's true.
But then there're other classes coming,
Our places here to fill—
So we shall pass on, hoping
You will honor our last will.

We, the Schurz Graduating Class of January, 1926, being of sound mind and memory do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament. To-wit:

Article I.

- Item 1—Order from the woodshop, machine shop, and all other necessary departments, one casket, sarcophagus and mausoleum, rivaling Tut's in splendor, in which our bones shall be interred.
- Item 2—Order from Mr. Huntley's Chem Lab, 220 fluid drachms of 188 proof embalming fluid to be used for petrifying purposes.
- Item 3—Order "331" to pay all our just debts (such as grape juice bills) and our funeral expenses as stipulated by our Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Barclay Graham.

Article II.

- Item 1—To Mr. Slocum, we give the pleasure of continuing to father all activities at Schurz, until the time comes when freshies shall have a nursery.
- Item 2—To Mr. Pettersen, our heartiest thanks for his patience and kindness in aiding our committee to secure pictures for this Schurzone, and our wishes for success in all his undertakings.
- Item 3—To Mrs. Gibson, a platform that is not decorated with tardy pupils, from which she can successfully instruct the Class of '27 in the various phases of Senior life.
- Item 4—To Miss Bendix, a package of Zimole Trokeys to aid her in finding her lost voice. On second thought we have also decided to leave her a complimentary copy of a book of poetry arranged anthologically, only—if Frances Calvert writes it before the year 1936.
- Item 5—To Mr. Plapp, a pogo-stick to enable him to catch and punish all spry youngsters who run through the halls.
- Item 6—To Miss Hotchkiss, the privilege of writing an autobiography entitled "Grimm's Fairy Tales, II."

Article III.

- Item 1—To the next inhabitants of our journalistic domain, the Press Room, the privilege of staying until five o'clock to work on the World—at least four days a week.
- Item 2—Eric Leufstadt leaves his leather jerkin to Sven Dorf, the school's darling, providing he grows into it in less than two months.
- Item 3—Elizabeth Roe leaves her position as drummer to any one who is especially fond of hammering.
- Item 4—Ted Zak's dancing feet are bequeathed to Arthur Redlin, even though he doesn't need them.
- Item 5—To Wanda Gladkowski, Ray Kieding leaves his special prescription for growing eye-brows—may she use it with success.
- Item 6—To the freshies, we leave our thumb-marked copy of that priceless treasure, "The Art of Kipping, In One Lesson," by Horatio Greenfield.
- Item 7—We wanted to leave Margaret Krone's and Sylvia Smith's beautiful long kuruls to all lassies with Boyish Bobs to prevent them from catching cold when the winter blasts really come sweeping down on them, but both Marge and Syl are working in cahoots with the doctors of the "Windy City."
- Item 8—In the hearts of the sophs and juniors we place the hope that they will some day have the privilege of bringing excuses to Miss Deuter and Miss McClintock.

Article IV.

- Item 1—We do hereby appoint Mr. Kenneth B. McAfee the sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof we, the testators, set our hands and seal this twenty-ninth day of November, one thousand, nine hundred, and twenty-five.

Signed:

MARY MILLER,
DE SOTO,
A. SIREN,
KENNETH OSBON.

Senior Lettermen

Baseball

Robert Anderson
Alvido Cimeley
Edwin Roper

Track

William Goers
William Poisner
Raymond Freiwald
Ernest Werbel (manager)
William Aronson (minor)
Elmer Martin (minor)

Swimming

Francis McGary
Raymond Kieding
Irwin Rubenstein (manager)

Basketball

Joseph Schwartz
Edwin Roper

Golf

Joseph Riva (minor)
Irving Stoller (minor)

Football

Robert Anderson
Alvido Cimeley
Walter Dose
William Poisner (manager)
George Joerger
Francis McGary
George Bryntesen (minor)
Raymond Kieding (minor)
Israel Prosterman (minor)
Joseph Schwartz (minor)

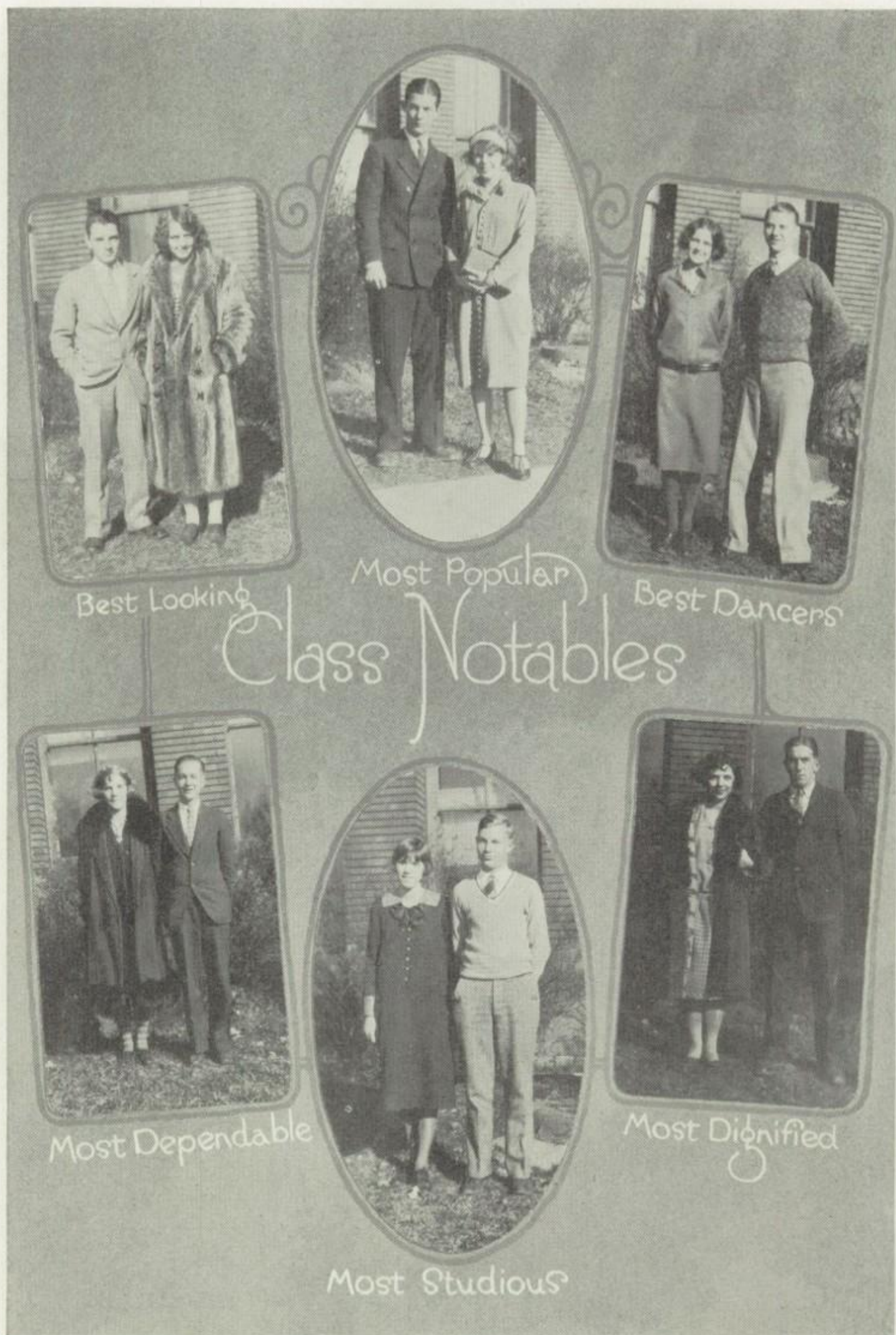
Soccer

Charles Laib
Robert Mason
Gustave Ehnborn
Grinnell Buchholz
Robert McMenamin
Stig Rundstrom
William Paulsen
William Aronson
Ernest Werbel (manager)

Letter Girls of the Graduating Class

Cora LeMay
Muriel Onsrud.
Mildred Olsen
Virginia Schye

Arona Busch
Florence Carlson
Marion Crown
Edna Kruse



Best Looking

Most Popular

Best Dancers

Class Notables

Most Dependable

Most Dignified

Most Studious



Class Calendar

CLASS OFFICERS

IRVING STOLLER*President*
MARION ENERSON*Vice-President*
EDNA KRUSE*Secretary*
BARCLAY GRAHAM*Treasurer*
CHARLES LAIB*Delegate-at-Large*

COMMITTEES

SOCIAL

Marion Enerson, <i>Chairman</i>	William Poisner
Helen Snow	Walter Hoffman
Edna Hewling	Gustave Ehnborn
Mary Louth	Joseph Riva
Muriel Onsrud	Robert Oakes

CONSTITUTIONAL

Charlotte Weber, <i>Chairman</i>	Ernest Werbel
Clara Gruzalski	Burton Trodson
Betty Cowle	Lorentz Adolfson

MUSIC

Catherine LaCrosse, <i>Chairman</i>	Robert Mason
Gladys Heath	John Andersen
Marie Hildeman	Clarence Brack

PICTURE

Stig Rundstrom, <i>Chairman</i>	Erna Rassmussen
Orville Bjorgo	Josephine Rozine
Elizabeth Elich	

PIN AND RING

Sylvia Smith	Jackson Moore
Edith Jacob	Henry Peterson

MOTTO

Eric Leufstedt, <i>Chairman</i>	Edward Bowman
Eleanor Straka	Atwell Shinn
Ruth Lecker	

PROM

Charles Laib, *Chairman*
Victor Bardonski
Eleanor Dunlop

Lester Briesenick
Arona Busch

SCHURZONE SUPERVISORS OF A. H.

Harriet Olds
Cecil Blackman

Raymond Freiwald
Herman Kroencke

CLASS DAY

Frances Scheffner
Ruth Lecker
Lucille Luedke

Gustave Ehnborn
Elmer Martin
Joseph Riva

CLASS NOTABLES

Most Popular

Marion Enerson
Irving Stoller

Best Looking

Muriel Onsrud
Atwell Shinn

Most Athletic

Cora LeMay
Alvido Cimeley

Most Musical

Mary Louth
Clarence Brack

Most Scholarly

Clara Gruzalski
Lorentz Adolfson

Most Bashful

Margaret Krone
Ernest Faigle

Wittiest

Verna Ott
William Poisner

Most Dignified

Charlotte Weber
Charles Laib

Jolliest

Genevieve Kochanski
Barclay Graham

Most Talkative

Marion Paulsen
Allen Karmen

Best Dancers

Sylvia Rolff
Ted Zak

Most Dependable

Edna Kruse
Burton Trodson





Modern Milkmaids



Let's Go!



"Our Artist"



"What'll it be?"



"Beautiful Scenery-What?"



Brother & Sister



Just kids

1925 Summer School

During the summer months, when New Schurz was being completed, a very successful Summer School, consisting of over 900 pupils, was in session. It was necessary to crawl over, or under, a great deal of scaffolding, but that was done with very little trouble. The pounding in the new building was fully appreciated by teachers and pupils alike.

Many took advantage of a course in swimming that was offered. Mr. Johnson instructed the boys on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and had charge of the girls on Tuesday and Thursday. The pool was open from ten in the morning, for hour periods, till one o'clock in the afternoon.

Schurz had the largest Summer School graduation in its history. On Friday, August 21, forty-one pupils graduated. Thirty-one of these are graduates of Schurz from the four year course and two, graduates from the two year course at Falconer.

In the middle of August the graduates assembled and chose their pins and rings. The latter part of the same month they again met and elected Doris Costello to write the epitaphs.

Much credit is due to Miss Semmelmeier, for she was the one who sponsored the graduation class. Mrs. Gibson invited the graduates to attend the Senior prom in February.

The Summer School class of 1925 hopes that the high standard of scholarship that was characteristic of old Schurz, may be a standard for new Schurz to look up to and follow.

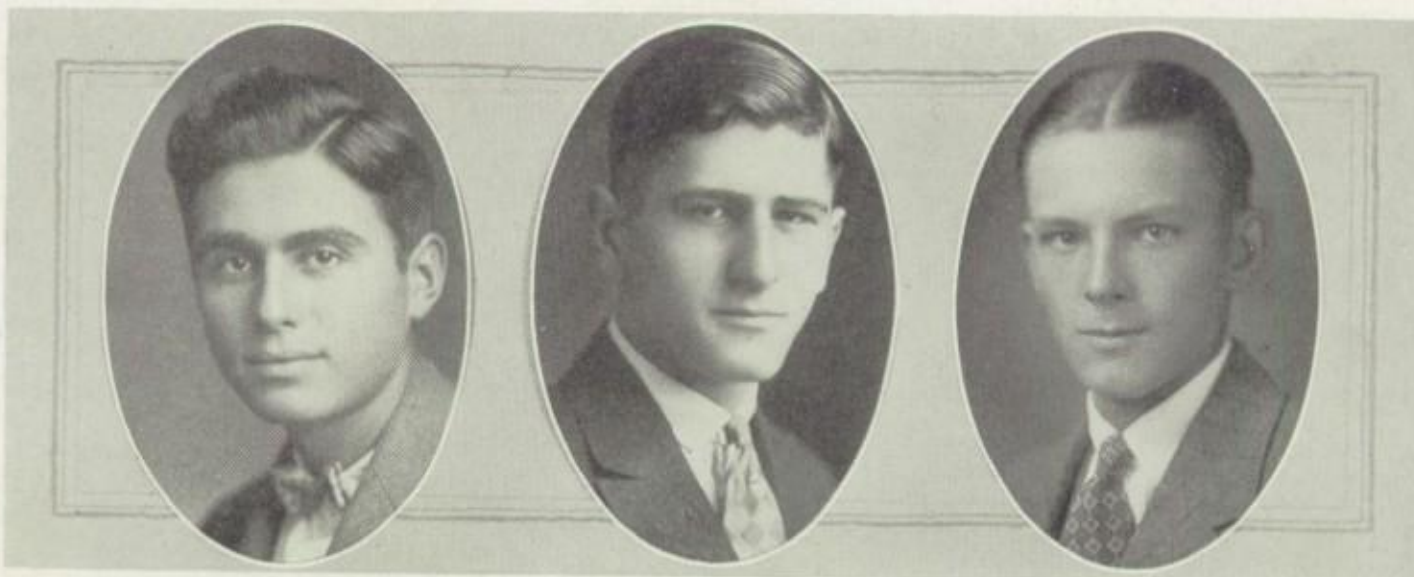
JENNIE SPRAGUE, Summer 1925.



JOSEPH F. CERVENÝ "Sir Weenie"
General Course; Dramatic Club
4; Civics Club 4; Guard Marshal 4.
*How dreary will be the halls of
Schurz
Without "Sir Weenie!"*

DORIS L. COSTELLO
General Course; Baseball 1, 2, 3;
French Club 3; Civics Club; Bas-
ketball 1, 2.
*Doris does laugh and she surely
does smile.*

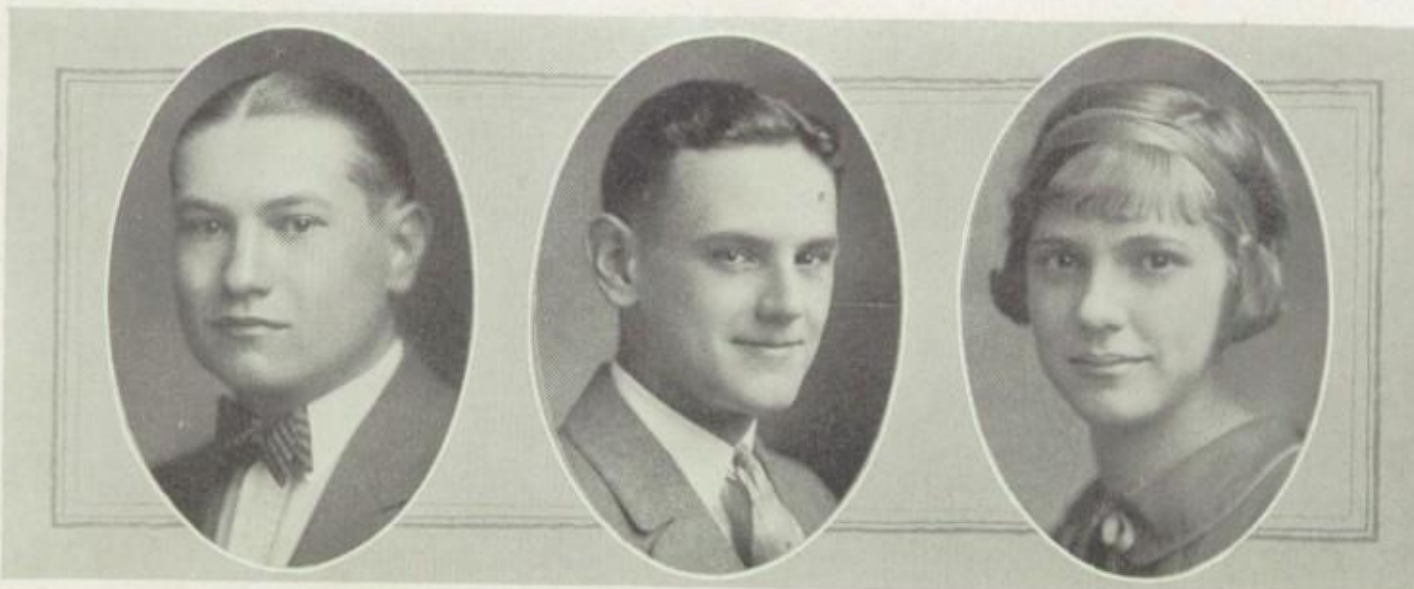
FRANKLIN M. FALK "Bib"
Technical Course; Guard 2, 3.
*Every class got its share of jokes
When Bib was around.*



NATHAN FALK "Nate"
Science Course; Freshman Foot-
ball; Interclass Baseball 1, 2; Inter-
class Basketball 1, 2, 3.
*As a circus without a clown,
So will Schurz be when Nate leaves.*

CARL A. GUALANO
General Course; Guard 3, 4.
*He's a friend worth while
With his happy ways and smile.*

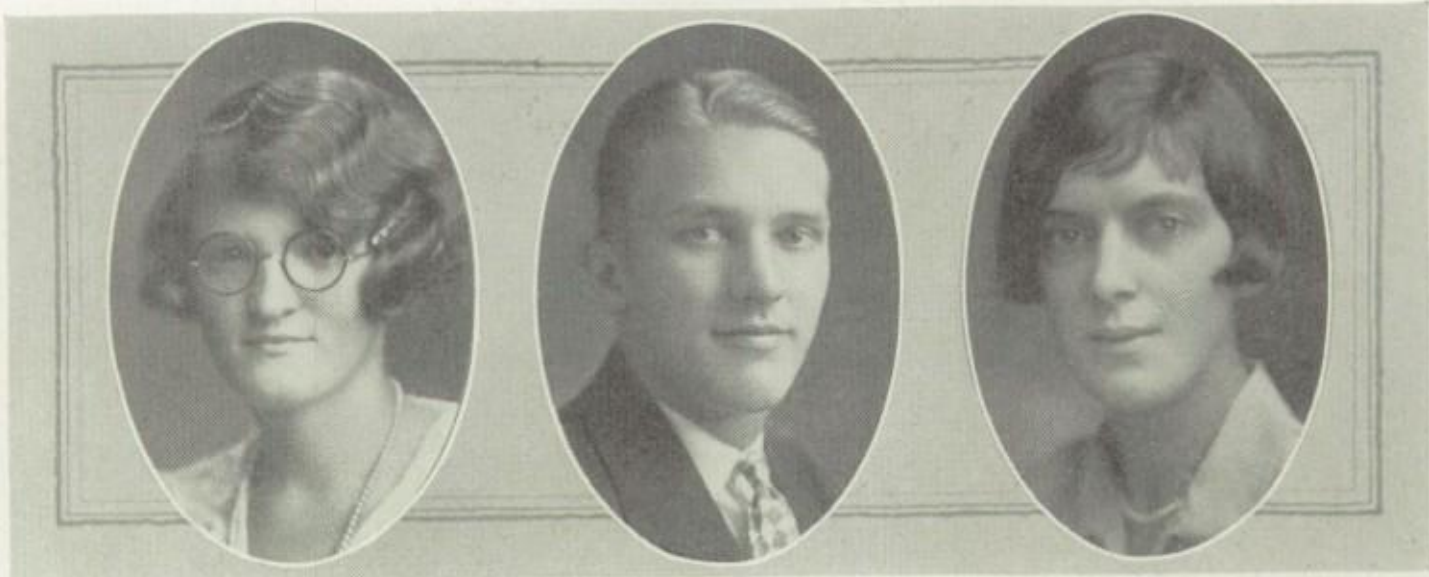
O. FORREST HOWEN
Technical Course; Golf Team 1,
2, 3.
*What would the golf team have
done without Forrest?*



THOMAS C. HALLER
General Course; Hi-Y Club;
Radio Club; Guard.
An optimist of the thirty-third degree.

HENRY KSIAZEK
Technical Course; R. O. T. C.
1, 2, 3; Soccer 2, 3; Dramatic Club
4; Guard 2, 3, 4.
*Henry was an ideal "sun"
Always shining and full of fun.*

NORMA LEAF
General Course; Dramatic Club;
Dancing 1, 2, 3, 4.
*Anna Pavlova must needs beware,
If she got on the stage and Norma
was there!*



EVELYN L. MARKLEY . . . "Red"
History Course; Chorus; Ad-
vanced Dancing; Spanish Club.
*"Evelyn is both jolly and gay
She's the one who sends gloom on
its way."*

FOLMER NYMARK
General Course.
*Athletic, smart, witty.
A true Schurzite.*

ANNA PAPANEK
Household Arts.
*She is witty, pretty and also sweet,
A friend to all she has chanced to
meet.*



ESTELLE PARCELLS
General Course; Dancing 3, 4;
Swimming 3.
*"Pretty is as pretty does,"
And Estelle does everything beauti-
fully."*

NORMA SWANSON . . . "Mums"
Commercial Course; Intermedi-
ate Baseball; Guard 4.
*When the world visits her best friend,
She calls on Norma.*



HOWARD S. WAYMAN . . . "Howie"
Technical Course; Guard Mar-
shal; Civics Club.
*A handsome, clean-cut chap.
What more could one ask?*

LOUIS WRONSKI . . . "Luss"
Technical Course; Soccer 4.
*There should be more boys like
"Luss"
There aren't any better, but you
could find "Luss."*

Thoughts On Graduation

By THE CLASS OF 1926

Farewell dear Schurz ; farewell to thee,
The time has come for us to part,
In later years there'll doubtless be
A piercing yearning in my heart,
To've made you proud of what I'd done,
To've shared the honors with every one.
Alas! My work I've shunned, I've had my fun,
And honors at Schurz aren't easily won.

Mercedes Rabey.

The memories of Falconer we cannot forget,
The attending of that school we'll never regret.
Of all the days that we have spent,
The best of them all
Will be the day when we will get
Our diplomas in the Assembly Hall!

Winifred Hain.

When two years have flown away
Our two-year classes meet,
And then on some great happy day
Our office jobs we'll greet.

Leigh Clausen.

What time is this, when all of us
Must scatter here and there?
Is this a change through which we pass
Without another's care?
This time has come to all of us,
And now I say with elation
It is before us at this time
It is our Graduation.

Dorothy Marquardt.

We are the graduating class,
And are thinking of our greatest task—
When from this school we shall have to go
To earn our living by being a "steno."

Dorothy Claas.

And so we say good-bye to Schurz
Though we regret to go,
We leave behind us all our love,
To the school we cherished so.

The Class.



EVELYN AMALDUS . . . "Evie"
One who knows the value of courtesy.

ADELIA ANDERSON . . . "Delie"
The deepest waters flow most silently.

MARGARET BACHMAN . . . "Peggy"
A friend who will laugh with you
or cry with you.



VIRGINIA BAER . . . "Ginny"
And she is everywhere at once.

ROSE BAGGOT . . . "Rosie-posie"
A girl eager for the pursuit of
knowledge.

RUTH BISCHOFF . . . "Reo"
Humorous even in her anger is this
sweet person.



EVELYN BLANKENBERG . . . "Potsie"
Happy as the day is long.

Ethel Bolund's pleasant way
surely shall be missed.

EILEEN BRAUTIGAN
One like Eileen—ambitious, efficient,
earnest—must succeed.



LOUIS CHURCHILL . . . "Louis"
Our prize debater is indeed a witty
fellow.

FLORENCE CHRISTENSON . . . "Flo"
Perserverance is a dominant trait
in this quiet girl's character.

LEIGH CLAUSSEN
Leigh is the kind of a girl you'd love
to call "Friend."



MAE CLARK
A sweet, charming little lady is
pretty Mae.

VIOLET COLBY
A good humor, a good nature, and
good sense make Viola a good pal.

HENRY DAHL . . . "Henny"
A man can do no better than his
best.



DOROTHY DENTON . . . "Denuts"
Small, but Oh! My!

ALICE DOLAN
Modesty is the best of all her virtues.

THERESA DIBISCH
Her hair is still her crowning glory.



ALICE DONAHUE
Such a pleasant, helpful girl is hard
to find.

ANNIE EIDUKAS
She says little, but does a lot.

JOHANNA FITTIG
We all love Jo with her sweet, jolly
ways.



ROSALIE FRITZ . . . "Sugar"
Full of laughter and life is vivacious
Rosalie.

YVETTE GAMELCY . . . "Frenchy"
We can always depend on pretty
Yvette, with her friendly ways and
her intelligent, rare personality.

ELLEN GUNDERSON . . . "Puff"
A refreshing personality may this
girl call her own.



WINIFRED HAIN
Winnie possesses a light-hearted
spirit and a lively nature.

ADELINE HARTKE . . . "Sally"
Her friendly ways have won for her
many good friends.

LORRAINE HEALY
One who loved to visit libraries.



Myrtle Hoering's willing spirit
is ever at her command.

JEANETTE JESSEN
A quiet miss, but witty, too.

MURIEL KEMBER . . . "Peggy"
*I'm always in a hurry but never
hasty.*



HELEN KINNEY . . . "Helen"
*Common sense holds the rein in all
her proceedings.*

MARGARET KLINGELHOFER
"Midge"
Be bold! Be Bold! But not too bold.

GERTRUDE KOSTRZEWSKI
Her chief delight is to do things right.



ROSE KRAMER
Full of pep and gay laughter is she

Florence Krawczyk's never-failing
faithfulness is priceless.

Evelyn Kreuzer's sunny disposi-
tion chases gloom away.



EVELYN LEONARD
Dignified, yet full of tact and fun—
that's Evy.

DOROTHY MARQUARDT
Her talent in music betrays her
innermost thoughts.

ELEANOR METZ
Mitzi! Mitzi! You've stolen our
hearts!



ELEANOR MODJESKI . . . "Mickey"
The girl with the million dollar
smile.

FLORENCE NOVAK . . . "Flossy"
Timid and calm even in emergencies.

RUTH PRELLBERG . . . "Babe"
Always cheerful and jolly is this
merry girl.



MERCEDES RABEY . . . "Rabey"
Lady Mercedes, you are well worth
twice your weight in gold.

Cecelia Rausa's cheerfulness
money cannot buy.

ROSE REBL
No coarse or angry word ever
passeth those gentle lips.



LUCILLE RITT
She doth possess a natural grace.

MILDRED ROEST
Those clear blue eyes reflect a thousand smiles.

"Pork"

IRENE SASS
Competent, dependable, and demure is Irene.



MABEL SAWYER
This pretty blond is liked by us all.

EVELYN SCHERER, "Evy"
Knowledge is kept in the background, but her tact brings it forth at the right time.

BEATRICE SCHNEIDER
A ready laugh, an eager smile.

HANNAH SCHUSTER
There are students good and students true; Hannah's one.



STEPHANIE SHARLOC
"Steffy"
A perfect lady at all times.

WANDA SZCZUPAJ
Her pleasing ways make her a pleasant companion.

AMY WATTS . "Billy"
She is an artist born.

ALICE WROBLE
Pleasant faces are those alight with smiles.

Class History

Back in February, 1924, we poor "freshies" gathered in the assembly hall of Falconer Branch, to enter upon the unexplored mysteries of high school. Let us halt here, and look back over that period of two years.

We were received with great joy, and greeted by our principal, Mr. Fisher, who assigned and directed us to our various rooms. The bookkeepers were fortunate enough to begin the A. M. session, while the stenographers received the P. M. program. Our teachers treated us with consideration, and they were the ones who encouraged us to climb the steps to "Success" or graduation. Our class lost some members at the end of the semester, while the bookkeepers dwindled to seven, the final semester.

Falconer had splendid principles. One of the most charming of these was the spreading of personal acquaintance among the teachers and students, for Falconer was built on the foundation of friendship, and to this day is maintained by that spirit.

The first semester we worked hard, and when we received our report cards we understood the full value of hard, honest, and earnest work. Our marks were milestones directing us onward. But, of course, we had our play times as well as our working time. Our "gym" was the liveliest place in school, and in it we enjoyed various games—baseball, basketball, and every other athletic sport.

In our third semester we were no longer crude beginners, but proud 2B's. In this semester we experienced a delightful two-day trip to the Tuley High School, where we received instructions on typewriter repairs. We also enjoyed a splendid radio program given in our school, the topic of which, was President Coolidge's Inauguration. Among other events was "Character Day," and the receiving of certificates for speed accomplished during the month, both of which we enjoyed immensely.

In our last semester, the most memorable one, a great event occurred, and that was the removal to Schurz. We had been only a few weeks at Falconer, when we were transferred to our mother branch, Carl Schurz. Of course we were eager to become acquainted with Schurz, and each and every one of us was enthusiastic over the great change. But we still look back to Falconer as our dearest friend, and we will never forget her.

About a month after the change we organized our class meetings, and elected officers.

Our school work has always come first, and our time for recreation last. The stenographers have worked their way up in taking fast dictation, and in accurate typewriting also. The bookkeepers, however, were not idle, for they proved very efficient.

Happy times were ours, and happy moments are yet to arrive, for we are eagerly awaiting the opportunities of the future. We owe all our ability to our dear teachers, who for two years, have continued to encourage and help even those who have failed. We heartily thank them for their splendid service.

Class Prophecy

Sitting comfortably in a low rocking chair, Pearl Kuehn, a graduate of the 1926 February Class, "tuned" in on her radio. This radio was quite different from others. Pearl could see the broadcaster as well as converse with him.

Johanna Fittig, the announcer, opened the program with the following words: "This is station CSHS, located on the Hotel Schurz. The Future Land Magicians will play a number of selections and give some talks. This program is given by the February '26 Class." Miss Fittig will make several announcements about the class.

A short, wiry, little woman told the audience that athletics should absolutely be barred from schools, especially swimming and skating. Ethel Zierke was the enemy of athletics.

The details of a wedding followed this discussion. The bride, Muriel Kember, had risen from the lowly station of stenographer and become a private secretary. She was now being married to her boss, a cheese magnate. Mr. and Mrs. Limburger will be at home after June 20. Among the bridesmaids were the famous movie actresses, Evelyn Blankenberg and Violet Colby.

A motherly looking woman surrounded by her seven children told an interesting bed time story. Ruth Prellberg was the story lady, and they say her kiddies are just crazy about her.

A famous elocutionist then read a number of comical selections, and as soon as she came to the end of a sentence, we all recognized Rosalie Fritz by that peculiar little ending.

Amy Watts, the famous "skeleton" of a popular circus could be seen, and she confidentially told her auditors that she was on a diet because of her increase in weight. Verna John stood beside Amy. She was the "fat lady," who claimed that she ate chocolates with all her meals. Dolan and Donohue, the Siamese Twins, were quarreling, as per usual.

The proceedings of a divorce case were now broadcast. In the midst of the lawyer's strongest argument, a little voice piped out:

"Just a minute! This outline isn't perfect, your honor."

"Certainly, Miss Denton," said Edwin Kruege, the lawyer.

The divorce case was that of Mr. and Mrs. Pickle, formerly Adeline Hartke, who was divorcing her husband because after she married him she found that he was dill instead of sweet. The judge was Theresa Dibisch, and Mr. Pickle's steno was Florence Bos.

The boss at a certain switchboard told her audience how she keeps her girls from sleeping on the job, and asks men not to teach the girls such profane language. Helen Kinney, the "Number please" girl, was the orator. Under her supervision was Margaret Amour.

A long talk was given by Professor Paul Schaeffer. In his drawling voice he attempted to bring before the public the subject of civics and its wonderful effects.

A noted American orator gave a lecture on the "foolish nervousness of women." During the lecture her eyes constantly blinked and her hands trembled. By these traits Eleanor Modjeski was recognized.

"To relieve the monotony of speeches, the '26 Graduating Class Orchestra will give a few selections," announced Johanna.

Because of the shortness of the conductor, Edith Feldman, Mercedes Rabey had to hold her up; thus Edith was more than visible. At one end of the stage, Dorothy Marquardt played a hand organ with an attentive listener at her side—a monkey. Eileen Brautigan was exerting all her superfluous energy by struggling to play the “saxs.” Annie Eidukas was clashing cymbals, occasionally making a noise as the cymbals seemed to miss each other every time.

Gladys Petersen is now an assistant of Antoinette Donnelly. She held her audience long. Margaret Klingelhofer, Gertrude Kostrewski, Wanda Szczupaj, and Virginia Baer, were especially interested in this discussion.

An alderman, Louis Churchill, gave a lecture on “Blue Law Sunday.” Henry Dahl was his opponent, and between them there was a good debate. Henry Dahl believes in the right to take his girl out on Sunday.

The employees of the Hotel Schurz also were entertainers. This hotel in which the broadcasting took place was under the ownership of Jeannette Jessen. The chef, Rose Baggot, gave an interesting talk on soup, and the merits of salt and pepper. Dorothy Claas was the maid, and they say one of her gentlemen roomers left her “a pretty penny.”

“I have several announcements to make,” said Johanna Fittig, “about the ’26 graduating class.”

A club was formed under the name of “Steno’s Old Maid Club.” The members include, Ruth Bischoff, a competent steno; Florence Krausczak, an efficient bookkeeper; Evelyn Olson, an expert typist; Irene Sass, a private secretary; and Evelyn Krueger, who is just an all around old maid who keeps house for the others. These intelligent women have proved that it is better to support themselves than a husband; consequently they are men-haters.

Cecelia Rausa, it was heard, left for France, and there became the wife of a marquis. She and her husband visited the Parisian Fashion Display, and there recognized Margaret Bachman, Mae Clark, Leigh Clausen, Florence Tomcheck, Ethel Bolund, and Eleanore Metz, who were employed as models for this performance. They were dressed in elegant clothes.

Among the girls at college we find Winifred Hain, Rose Kramer, Evelyn Leonard, Lillian Mackprang, Alice Wroble, Beatrice Schneider, Myrtle Krempel, Evelyn Sherer, and Myrtle Hoering.

Lucille Ritt has become a prominent music teacher.

Martha Nagel, a famous African huntress, was the head of an expedition. Under her stern rule, were Gladys Schnell, Mildred Roest, Florence Christenson, and Hanna Schuster. They hunted such game as snakes, bedbugs, and worms. These were stuffed and sent to the National Museum at Washington.

Gertrude Kempe, the famous prima donna opera singer, who thrilled so many audiences, is now teaching her old class-mates, Stephanie Scharlog, Lorraine Healy, and Maybelle Sawyer.

Irene Pavolowa, look to your laurels! Adelia Anderson hopes to surprise the world some day by her graceful dancing.

Florence Novak typed 275 words per minute, thereby winning the world’s championship.

Ellen Gunderson used Mildred Olsen as a victim of her beauty culture in a demonstration of new coiffures.

Evelyn Amaldus’ ambition is to fill Sid Smith’s shoes some day, and oh! boy, her cartoons are beyond description.

Yvette Gamelcy reports all cat and dog fights and she would appreciate it if you would let her know, etc. She is also an authority on “ways of keeping temporary fillings in your teeth, when they are being fixed.”

By Dorothy Marquardt.

YVETTE GAMELCY.

The Last Will And Testament Of The Class Of 1926

To begin with the teachers
Is the usual way,
We'll proceed to the pupils
Without much delay.

To dear Mrs. Curtis we'll all leave behind
Tardy slips, excuses, and others of that kind.

To Mrs. O'Connell, 'cause we all love her
We will each our tattered Reigner cover.

To Mrs. Murphy, 'cause she's been so kind,
Our "sweet" memories we leave behind.

Methinks that to Miss Schmidt I willeth
A book wherein Silas the Squire killeth.

To Miss Pearson, who taught us government,
We will France's debt to pay her room rent.

Mercedes, our fair president,
Wills a wish that you'll not repent.

Evelyn, with the Cupid's lips,
Leaves a bag that once held potato chips.

"I bequeath," Yvette sighed vociferously,
"My intellectual ability."

Paul Schaffer wills his dark green sweater
To the one who used to write his letters!

Cecelia Rausa will leave behind
The old report card her Dad has signed.

Alice Wroble will will to you
Her shorthand book and paper, too.

Irene wills her good old "Royal"
It's had its share of speed and toil.

Our Margarets leave behind their pencils,
They've made them go as no one else will.

Adelia wills her dress of red,
"To an Adeline, if it fits," she said.

Ruth and Edith will their "lumber jacks,"
To adorn the hooks on the empty coat-racks.

Rosie Baggot, the sly little fox,
Wills to all a chuckful question box.

Evelyn with the golden hair,
Will give it to Muriel if she dare.

Dorothy Denton, alias Maria,
Wills her habit of saying, "Oh she—ah and I—ah."

The Florences and Stephanie, our ladies three,
Will to some their quiet dignity.

Edwin K., that bashful man,
Wills to "HER" his heart and hand.

Ruth Prellberg, with her jolly laugh,
Wills all her chuckles to the comic staff.

To Martha Gladys wills her pearls—
They've been the envy of all our girls.

To the poor old bookkeepers, God bless them,
We will our blotters, They need them, I'm guessin'

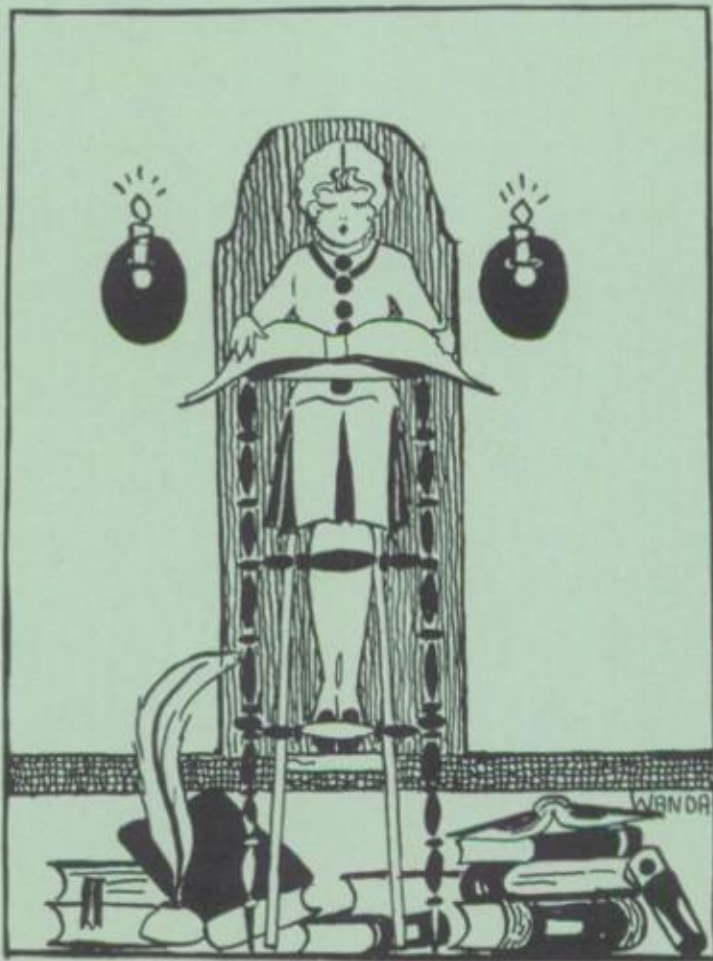
The rest of the class leaves to all the thought
Schurz gives much that cannot be bought—
Of good will and memory
So, Carl Schurz, we all thank thee.



Winter

By CHARLES GILBERT

It is cold—
A raw wind sweeps and swirls
Around the corners,
Starting from the ground
The dead leaves.
Big bare trees raise brown branches
Towards the unresponsive heavens
Plaintively,
As if pleading for the plenary gifts
Of warmth and life.
Shining snow,
Dry as flakes of Mica,
Lies upon the frozen ground,
And reflects blindingly
The sun's rays.
A low straining sound is heard,
Followed by a sharp crack
As, with a slipping and sliding,
A sheet of ice from the roof
Falls crashingly
Into the entry-way.
A pfut—pfut—pfut, and a
Clinkety—clinkety—clink—clink,
Sounds ringingly
As an automobile
With skid chains
Goes by,
Drawing a load of rosy-faced,
Shouting boys on bob-sleds.
It is cold—



Daisy Chases Away The Spirit

By ALICE CARLSON

If you had gone by the large, drab, old house on Maple Street that evening, through the pine trees that closely surrounded the place you would have seen a dim light shining in one of the gables. In the small bare bedroom from whence issued the light a tiny, dried-up old woman was preparing to retire. From time to time as she was loosening her few, thin locks of gray hair, which she wore in a tight knot in the top of her head during the day, she turned her kindly, gray eyes upon the big, black cat who was sleeping soundly on a soft bit of carpet in the middle of the room. After carefully hanging her old-fashioned calico dress upon the only little chair that the room contained, she blew out the poor light of the oil lamp and retired peacefully.

Maria Blom was the name of this poor widow who, with her big intelligent cat, lived in this gloomy, ancient house. She had kept boarders to earn a livelihood, but lately, because of her feebleness, she was unable to do so. The last boarder, Gust Lund, had been killed while lying on the road in a drunken stupor.

As the old clock on the mantel chimed twelve, Mrs. Blom was awakened from her tranquil dreams by the noise of something stumbling up the rickety stairs that led to the second floor and walking unsteadily through the little hall, past her own door and into a chamber at the end of the corridor. The frightened widow clutched her soft feather-bed in a frenzy of fear as she recognized the noise to be the same as had been made by the deceased Mr. Lund every night while living with her. Hearing no more of the appalling sounds, Maria assured herself that it was a bad dream, and soon she was again sound asleep.

The second night at the same hour the same terrifying incident occurred. And the third night the spirit was again heard to stamp up the half-rotted stairs and enter the house. Instinctively Maria bundled the feather-bed about her ears, in order not to hear it.

On retiring the fourth night the little widow could not court sleep, for she felt that the hour of reckoning with the grewsome spirit was drawing nigh. Shivering in spite of the soft, warm bed, she was attempting to muster her forces for the encounter. Outside a high wind was moaning and wailing in the pine trees. The full moon and bright, cheerful stars were hidden by a low, heavy, black cloud. Daisy, her fine, dusky cat was not asleep either, for this understanding little animal seemed to sense battle and was delighted. The minutes dragged by like hours as the two waited together, the old lady fearfully, the cat eagerly.

Upon the stroke of twelve of the ancient timepiece on the mantel shelf heavy steps were heard mounting the shaky flight of stairs. The noisy, wavering step entered the low-ceilinged hall, passed Maria's very door and went into the chamber located at the extreme end of the corridor, a room which the dead man had occupied while living.

Mrs. Blom exhibited an extraordinary amount of courage by her brave actions, even though she was much afraid. She arose stiffly and lit the lamp that was in readiness, and with Daisy close at her heels she made her way into the hall. The small, flickering light of the kerosene lamp made weird shadows on the

shabby walls of the widow and her cat as they walked along the passage. With a trembling hand she opened the door, which squeaked and groaned on its old hinges, stretched out her thin arm so that the light would fall into the spooky, neglected bedroom. Seeing nothing unusual, the two entered very quietly. They looked under the old iron bedstead and under the dusty highboy, but saw nothing. As the widow opened the closet door, a sudden gust of air, apparently from nowhere, blew out her meagre light. The cat was heard suddenly to spit and growl fiercely; then the maddened animal made a quick leap into the black hall and out of the door, opportunely blown open by the wind outside.

Frightened thoroughly, the tiny woman was left, without her comrade and any light, to make her way to the small bedroom as best she could.

After getting back to her chamber, Mrs. Blom peered into the inky darkness and called the cat in a shaky voice, but Daisy didn't come running at her mistress' call as she was wont to do. Feeling very lonely without her kitty snoring peacefully near her, Maria again retired, but not to sleep. No, she was too excited and lonely to sleep.

Daisy wasn't waiting at the door the next morning, nor did she return that evening or the following. But the spirit did not return either! The old woman was very much depressed because of the absence of Daisy.

The third evening, the large cat, with a gleam of triumph in her green eyes, returned to her loving mistress. The joy of their reunion must have been indeed pathetic to witness.

A few days later with the faithful cat at her heels as usual Maria was cleaning the room that the spirit had been so interested in when she found in the numerous, large pockets of Mr. Lund's old coat a sum of money large enough to keep her and Daisy in luxury for the rest of their lives.

With a smile that started in her beautiful gray eyes and spread gradually over her kind, wrinkled face, Maria Blom looked down at puss and said, "To think that we chased that supposedly annoying spirit away so unceremoniously when it was only trying to show us the money." Daisy glanced up and blinked her large eyes with a look of complete understanding.

My Friend

By EVA BOEGLIN

Have you a friend who is ready to aid you in any task you undertake? Have you a friend who is ambitious and brilliant, yet modest? Have you a friend who will comfort you when you are dismayed? Have you a friend who is witty and humorous and who tries to make each moment more pleasant for you? Have you a friend who has a beautiful disposition and yet is unconscious of it?

I have such a friend, and I shall strive to be more like her.

The Duel

By HENRY COHEN

A sharp report broke the tense silence of the inn. Francois had struck the sneering face of the Marquis with the open palm of his hand. Monsieur le Marquis jumped to his feet, very white save for the slowly reddening imprint where the compact of Francois' hand marred his handsome face.

"You realize, Monsieur, what you have done," he said in a low voice thick with passion. "My seconds," motioning toward M. le Viscount and M. le Duc, "are at your disposal."

Francois acquiesced with a nod and, turning scornfully on his heel, strode quickly out of the inn amid the hushed babble of voices.

M. le Marquis, his tall graceful body magnificently arrayed in deep blue velvet, carelessly tossed his cape over his broad shoulders and with a cruel smile, which marred the delicate, chiseled beauty of his face, raised a goblet filled with rich red wine to his lips. Emptying it at a draught, he flung a gold coin on the table to the bowing figure of the innkeeper and, closely followed by his two companions, made his way with regal dignity to the door.

Francois reached home, his heart burning with anger. Through his feverish mind one thought revolved incessantly, the vile insult of the Marquis to his sweetheart, Denise. Twice had this man been involved in the life of Denise and himself. He would have revenge.

The mind of Francois was in a turmoil. He paced the floor; he could not rest. He tried to read, but could not. On every page that smiling mask of the Marquis haunted him.

He thought of that memorable moonlight meeting, that secret tryst, in the garden of Denise, before the chateau. He joined again in the soft rippling laughter of Denise, in that silver shimmering light of the moon-beams flitting through the dark shadows of the rustling trees as they walked joyously along the quaint gravel path. Francois clasped again the slender, submissive form of Denise against his breast and heard that deep sigh of content which had thrilled him. He heard again the heart-breaking sobs that convulsed her when he had told her of the unfortunate removal of his regiment far from the city. He saw again the sudden appearance of his rival, the Marquis, from the nearby shadows, the startled cry of Denise, the Marquis' last pleas for her love, her refusal, and then, his vehement threat of death. He thought of the sweet concern of his sweetheart, and how he had quelled her growing anxiety with laughter and with a happy flood of kisses.

A month had passed. Francois, toasting the beautiful Denise in an old inn of Amiens, had heard that cool loathing voice uttering that vile insult. Whirling around, Francois, his eyes blazing with anger, had slapped the hated face of the Marquis.

Why wasn't he calm? Why did the duel keep looming up in his mind? Was he afraid? No.

He had done right. He had defended the honor of Denise, his future wife. Why did that accursed face of the Marquis haunt him?

With a great effort he calmed his mind and summoned two of his friends, his seconds, to him. They entered and congratulated him. The arrangements of the duel were discussed.

Sixty-eight

"Shall it be pistols?" asked the captain, Francois' close friend.

"Impossible! The Marquis is the best shot in France. 'Twould be unfair," argued the other.

"Rapiers then," ejaculated Francois curtly. "At dawn tomorrow in the Bourbon Woods."

"Excellent!" exclaimed his friends. "You are one of the best blades in France. Au revoir." They were gone.

At one hour before dawn Francois awoke from his troubled slumber. His mind was calm now, but still he felt a vague fear deep in his heart. Dressing quickly and swallowing a light repast, he prepared himself for the two mile stroll to the woods.

Stepping out into the open, he took a deep breath of the cool, crisp, invigorating air. He walked briskly. Everything was animated with the joy of living, for it was springtime. The fading shadows of the new budded trees, the waving foliage of the nearby bushes, the joyous gurgling of the rippling brook, the happy chirping of the birds overhead, the sweet-smelling, soft springy earth underfoot, all instilled in Francois a desire to live. Again the thought of Denise, of those soft, violet colored eyes, shining from under her sweet straw bonnet. He thought tenderly of his dear old mother in Toulouse, dreaming of her only boy and reading her prayer book. He remembered his happy childhood days fishing in the Garonne. His reverie was suddenly broken. He shook the pleasant dreams from his eyes, for he had reached the duelling grounds.

Already the Marquis was there, and on seeing him, Francois' anger arose within him. With a cold nod by way of greeting the two men took off their coats and chose their rapiers.

Their swords engaged; the game of death had begun.

Two long sword-blades leaped and whined like living things as they crossed and clashed with the speed of lightning. The skill of the two duelists was wonderful. Moving nimbly and bending and swaying like two mighty springs, the swordsmen, their long slender blades darting in and out like the fangs of serpents, thrust and parried in perfect rhythm.

Faster and faster grew the furious pace. The two masters of the sword, encircling each other like two monstrous spiders, tried desperately to ensnare each other in the deadly meshes of the web.

Under the pressure of the grueling test, Francois, his favorite tricks foiled by the Marquis, slowly lost his previous composure.

Enraged by the marble-like coolness of the Marquis, Francois rushed at his opponent. The two swords locked. Beads of cold sweat broke out on the foreheads of the two men as they strained with renewed vigor, a grating sound, then snap. A sword flew through the air, forced by the terrible impact, and fell five yards away. It was that of Francois. Francois stood unflinching while the cruel Marquis with diabolical deliberation drove the gleaming blade through his defenseless body.

Wiping disdainfully the crimson blood from his sword with a white silk handkerchief, Monsieur le Marquis calmly rearranged his ruffled lace at his throat, tilted his three cornered hat at a greater angle, redonned his full-skirted coat of deep blue velvet, leisurely mounted into his luxurious cushioned coach, and cheerfully drove away.

The body of the noble Francois, already rigid in death, lay tragically in the warm radiance of the rising sun.

Somewhere high in the heavens, floating on the cool morning air, rose the high, clear notes of a soaring lark, pouring forth joyfully its melodious song to its mate.

Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia

By ELDER JAMES OLSON

I love the light of a smoky moon,
When the sky's a dark petal of blue,
And the shadows sweep, and the shadows swoon,
And the sad winds weep, and the soft winds croon,
And the slim trees sway to the haunting tune
That the wind-flutes blew.

I love the light of a windy moon,
When the black trees surge to the sky—
When each swift puff
Sweeps a dark cloud's fluff
Like a cobweb across the moon,
Like a smoke-twist across the sky.

I love the light of a yellow moon,
When the black palms nod their plumes,
And the wind's hot breath, like the mist of death
Stirs a swaying leaf with its feverish breath,
And the fireflies weave on their shadow-looms,
Till the dawn-winds croon.

Oh, many a moon, and many a moon
Has gleamed from the star-pierced sky;
And I love to sit, when the sky is blue,
Or the cold chill grey that the sea-winds knew,
And think of the thousands of years since you
Slipped out of the world to die.

The Itinerants

By HOWARD STALLMANN

Three men in a boat, a day in July, a concrete path, and nothing to worry about for a month and a half. The boat was one of those many products of Detroit, having come from that city nearly eight years before. The soft purr of the motor had since changed to a metallic chug chug as it made its way down one of Missouri's state roads. Chug, chug chug, zam, biff zowie, poof and "Hopping Henry" would move no more.

The chauffeur, a dark complexioned man, whose name was Ulysses S. Lee, jumped out and started to crank it, but with no success. The wheels seemed crippled, the engine, when it did run, hit on two cylinders, the very body for all of its paint seemed to cry out, "Darling, I am growing older." "Well," said Ulysses, "I think this spot is gonna be ouah home fo' de next ten houahs mo' or less."

The other two boys were not in the least perturbed. It had been the fifth time that "Hoppin' Henry" had died on the road only to be resuscitated by supplying a little gasoline, replacing an ignition wire, or cleaning spark plugs; so they decided to let the matter drop.

The first law of nature is self preservation. The "Three Musketeers" found that out. Fifteen minutes later they missed U. S. Lee. "I wonder where our valet, butler, cook, mechanic, chauffeur, and handy man went?" thought George. "He was here a minute ago. Oh! Ulysses!" he shouted.

"Heah I is, suh," answered the man in question, "and ouah suppah also, suh."

In his coat, to the general surprise, was a rooster, lately the pride of a nearby farmer's flock, which he had gotten with the ease and assurance that goes with long practice.

In the middle of their meal they were interrupted.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said a man, rather tall and broad in build. "I hope you enjoyed your meal."

"Thank you, sir, we did," said Bob, the oldest of the three.

"I am glad to hear that," returned the man, "because it is going to cost you twenty-five dollars. That rooster was a prize Rhode Island Red."

The boys were stunned. Ulysses was groggy. The three hurriedly fished through their pockets, but the sum of their efforts was a meager three dollars and thirteen cents.

"Well," said Bob, fearing to break the silence, "we haven't the amount."

The farmer mused for a minute and then said, "It's either jail or work, boys; you have your choice."

Heretofore work and the boys were strangers, but Bob decided for them all. "We would rather work it out, sir," he said, "it will be quite an adventure, don't you know."

"All I know is that I am short of help and the weeds are getting the best of me," he said rather sadly. "Now if I had a little help—"

"Oh! We'll help you all right, but we don't know a thing about farming," said George.

"Yessuh boss, ah kin tell the kind of chicken it am by lookin' at its aig," added Ulysses with a smile.

"Well, come along then, and I'll hitch up the team and haul that contraption to the farm. Come along then, you can't learn too young how to hitch up a horse."

The three boys followed, feeling that they would be of a little use anyway, which is not a common feeling with a farmer's city relations, who think that they can do everything.

It was hard to show the boys how to hitch up the team, but after a bare hour and a half they mastered the art.

By the time they finished towing the "Hopping Henry" back to the farmhouse, the skies began to turn to a darker hue and before long night came. The house was a small one and so the boys had to sleep in the barn.

When morning came, an aroma of fried bacon and eggs came to their nostrils. They dressed with alacrity and were seated at the table inside of five minutes.

The best part of the day passed in instructions on running a cultivator. Ulysses stayed at home and was a general help around the house. When his work was done, he would tinker with the dilapidated "Henry."

Their time was soon coming to an end. The farmer and his family became attached to the boys, the boys liked the farm and live stock, and Ulysses very often attended sociables in town. Every evening he visited the town and soon had other negroes wishing for their next week's pay in advance. They certainly were not versed in the guiles of the city game of African Mah Jongg.

On the fifth day the boys bade the little farm farewell and chugged down the road again after having made promises to visit next year.

"George, what are you sitting there like a bump on a log for?" asked Bob.

"Oh," said he, "I was just thinking what an inspiration Grace, the farmer's daughter, is."

There's a Way

By HANNAH JACOBSON

"But you'll not suffer, mother," John declared with determination. "I know Dad owned little besides his fishing vessel. I'll leave college and go to work!"

The blizzard of the early winter raged along the Wisconsin coast and shrieked the news that had come over the wires that day. The Patricia had gone down in the storm that had swept Lake Michigan, and Dad and his crew had perished.

Dad, Mother, and John had lived together, a little inland on the coast, and together they had shared one another's joys and sorrows. Dad and Mother had withstood many hardships in order to send their son to college.

And now John realized that he had to find work in order to support his mother. He had to leave his unfinished year at college behind him and pursue another course, following in the footsteps of his forefathers. John, himself, loved the daring life of the fisherman, but Mother had decided that her son was to be "something different." She knew too well what Dad had undergone. She urged John to find work in the village. Surely he was capable.

Following his mother's advice, he trudged slowly to the village with its row of stores, inquiring if work could be had. At the grocery he was refused the position when the proprietor heard he was a college student, saying, "We have had enough of your kind. The last clerk I had was a college student, and after being here a week he disappeared suddenly, carrying off the Saturday's receipts." After several unsuccessful attempts in the village, he was too discouraged to return to his home. Wandering about aimlessly, he found himself among the tall, moaning trees of the lumber camp on the Wisconsin River. Here he would surely be able to get work felling the trees. Rejected even here, he turned to wander homeward, when the buzz, buzz of the sawmill across the river gave him new courage. He would try at that place the next day. With the faint glimmer of hope that this thought brought to him, his spirits rose and he quickened his pace, anxious to tell Mother of his new plan.

The cheerful greeting of his mother, the pleasant warmth of the spotless kitchen, and the odor of appetizing food soon made his spirits rise higher. When, however, Mother heard of his plan, she was quick to tell him of the lasting enmity that had existed between the owner of the mill and Dad. Fearing that the result of his application would doubtless be disappointing, she tried to dissuade him from carrying out his plan.

But Mother gave her consent and the next day John was seen tramping half despairingly over the slippery logs to the buzzing sawmill. He thought of the dark and dusty figures that must be working there. He also thought of the jolly times at college, but he determined to work and save, and some day return to complete his education. Could he now enter that mill with its dust and dirt, its noise and clamor, to seek employment? Would he ever become as sturdy, brawny, and well built as those he had envied on the college eleven?

However, he gritted his teeth and struggled on, the sleet-like snow piercing his face. Stumbling, slipping, he soon reached the mill with its monotonous din. Fearfully, hopefully, he entered. In one corner, behind a desk piled high with papers, sat a little old man, absent-mindedly chewing the stub of a cigar. His dark, beady eyes seemed to be looking into the distance. Somewhat startled on seeing John before him, he sat up quickly, as if awakened from a dream.

"Well?" said Mr. Evans in a sharp, business-like voice. "You want to see me?"

"Yes, sir," answered John.

"What can I do for you?"

John was encouraged by Mr. Evans' friendly tone and manner, and he went on.

"I must support my mother, and I want work."

Mr. Evans had one vacant position, and he was willing to employ the first one who applied for it. But, on hearing John's name, his attitude changed and he said with determination, "No, we have no work for you."

John tried to explain, but Mr. Evans' word was law, and soon he found himself still without work, plodding dejectedly homeward over the logs.

By this time, a thin sheet of snow had spread over the logs, and although the snow had stopped falling, the darkened clouds seemed to forecast an oncoming storm. The north wind suddenly arose, sweeping through the barren forest with a sound like that of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirled in eddies through the air. There was a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines. Only here and there a flickering light from some distant hut threw shimmering rays of light out into the snow. The logs rolled fast, sometimes bouncing and jumping, requiring expert men with pevees to catch and handle them. Everything seemed to add to the displeasure and discomfort of downcast John.

The booming of the logs turned to a rumbling, a tumbling, and a thundering! An unexpected shout behind him and the crash of a log that had jumped the track brought John to a sudden stop. The log traveled fast, in great leaps and bounds, shaking the other logs from their places. In a moment John realized the danger he was in, and turned to run. Just then he saw before him, directly in the path of the log, a little girl. He dashed on toward her, the dangerous logs rolling from beneath him. He grabbed her; he stumbled. Together they sank into the icy waters. The bouncing log banged above them and was gone. John fought with the wedging logs until he gained an opening, and struggled to the top. He walked carefully back toward the mill. There someone snatched her from him, and turned away, saying, "Oh, my Anne, my little Anne!"

John was bewildered at the suddenness with which she was snatched from his arms and did not know until later that it was Anne Evans, the daughter of the mill owner. It was her father who had taken her so suddenly. He had seen her great danger, had been too far away to save her, and had seen the heroic deed of the one whom he had refused employment.

That evening the old Mr. Evans called at John's home in the outskirts of the village. And a few days later, John held a trustworthy position in the mill, faithfully supporting his mother and enthusiastically saving to complete his education.

The Fortune Hunt

By RUTH JACOBSON

"But, Jean, I don't want to go to the haunted house first. I think I'd die of fright. I can't see why we can't both go together," said an attractive young girl about eighteen years old.

The small, pretty person addressed as Jean responded, her blue eyes flashing determination, "Well, all right, Mabel, old dear, I'll go first then, and I'm going tonight even though I do feel kind of shaky." She crunched a handful of fudge and then proceeded, "You know very well that we can't go together, because Grandpa's will said that we must take turns in searching for the key, and after dark, too."

As she spoke, Jean convincingly shook the feet which dangled over the banister of the upper veranda of a beautiful, dignified-looking southern home.

"But, Jean, it might rain," was the rejoinder from the wicker chair.

"Well, what's the difference? I'm sure I won't melt, though I might come flying back without a moment's notice. My, but this fudge is heavenly," was the reply, as she plunged her small, white fist into the pan of candy.

"But, Jeanie, I can't understand why Grandpa was so particular about those pearls," said Mabel. "Do stop munching a minute, will you?"

Jean replied, "You know that Grandpa hated cowards, and he didn't want a foolish person who believes in ghosts to have those valuable pearls." Her wee, square-toed oxford banged viciously at the railing. "You know, dear, that the necklace is worth a young fortune."

"Well, I'd rather give up the pearls than go under such circumstances," said Mabel. "You can go and have the pearls all to yourself."

"But, Mabel, it won't be half as much fun without competition. Be a sport and take your turn tomorrow night. You wouldn't be called a quitter, I'm sure. If Grandpa saw that you were cowardly, he'd be ashamed, and so would you."

Mabel replied, "I'd do it, if we could go together. Say, Jean, nobody would know, if we did that. Couldn't we manage it?"

Jean's honest voice was shocked as she answered, "That would be violating Grandpa's and everyone else's trust in us. Probably no one would know about it, but our consciences would."

"All right; I suppose I'll have to take my turn to evade the title of coward. I'll go, though I don't say when or how. Here's my hand on it."

"Well, either one of us must find the key and map of the place where the pearls are hidden. May the best man win," was Jean's speech as she tossed her golden, curly head.

"Ditto, sweet cousin. Here comes Jack, so good luck and au revoir in case you don't come back."

The two girls parted, each to her own diversion. While we await the coming of night and Jean's hunt at the haunted house, a few words may be said regarding Grandpa's will.

Old Mr. Carpenter had left a will which provided comfortably for his two only grandchildren, Jean Carpenter and Mabel Wells. One clause of the will stated that a valuable necklace of matched pearls had been hidden by the eccentric old man several years before in a certain deserted and said-to-be haunted house. It would become the proud possession of the one grandchild who would find the key and chart to the hiding-place of the pearls. The girls must take turns in looking for the key and go alone to search at night. Mr. Carpenter had left these extraordinary directions, because he hated cowards and did not want a coward to have the priceless necklace, valued more because it was an heirloom.

"Don't be a goose. You know that nothing will hurt you, silly. You've got to go on, because Mabel looked as though she thought you were too cowardly to go," were the thoughts that ran through Jean's pretty head as she sturdily trudged along on her way to a night's adventure at the haunted house.

There were not stars or moon that night. The sky was black as pitch, and heavy clouds scudded back and forth like restless ghosts. Though the night was dark, everything was visible, as there was a strange, eerie, sickly-yellow glow over everything, the forerunner of a heavy storm or cyclone. Jean's flickering lantern cast mysterious shadows. The atmosphere was deafeningly still, as if waiting for something (no one but the fates knew what) to happen.

Jean tried to keep up her courage by whistling boyishly, but her tune seemed to echo back a thousandfold in volume. Everything unnerved her.

Gradually a breeze began to stir, and by the time Jean came in sight of the estate, the breeze was a strong wind. The leaves of the trees whispered forebodingly, and, as she surveyed the house from the road, she thought she saw a light flash upstairs. Only her imagination she thought. No! It came again and did not flash off for fully a minute.

Jean breathed hard and fast and stood still in terror. When the light did not flash again, she said aloud, "I must have been dreaming." The sound of her own voice frightened her.

She approached the house slowly and uncertainly. It was a blistered, shabby-looking, old southern home of medium dimensions. The place had a desolate and yet haughty air, as if it was proud of what it used to be and at the same time very much ashamed of its condition then. Ivy climbers rambled over some portion of the house, as though they were trying to hide the secrets within. The barren panes of the windows stared blankly, watching the estate with never-ceasing vigilance. The open shutters hung dejectedly.

Jean stepped onto the low, old-fashioned, southern veranda. The upper portico sagged pitifully. The pillars seemed too old and tired to hold up the burden which they had proudly borne for years.

Cautiously, slowly, Jean opened the old door which had once gleamed with a shiny knocker—now long rusty. The hinges creaked inharmoniously. Holding her lantern high, the girl peered into the dim reception hall. There was nothing in it but some odd, old pieces of furniture.

She walked in. On her right she perceived a winding staircase. She paused, wondering whether she should ascend or stay below. She must have decided upon the latter, for, carrying her lantern around the room, she surveyed everything she could see from the threadbare old rugs of untraceable pattern to the peeling, yellowed wall paper and the rat-bitten legs of the marred furniture. The flickering light made eerie shadows.

A great shadow with long, groping arms seemed to be bearing down upon her. It was only the umbra cast by the ancient clothes-tree. The shadows in the corners and under the chairs were black, and the spaces beyond the gaping doors which led into untold mystery were black. Jean shuddered as she wondered what things might be lurking in the other rooms. She shivered when she observed that the old chandelier cast its shadow upon her like a warning of something vague and mysterious to happen.

Then, too, there were noises which made her nervous. Rats could be heard scurrying back and forth in an adjoining closet. The floor creaked weirdly with every step. The windows rattled, and the shutters banged noisily back and forth. The trees outside whispered loudly in a vain attempt to tell aloud the mysteries of the place.

Finally, after satisfying herself that the reception hall held no horrors, Jean started for an adjoining room. The door by which she had entered flew open. It was the wind, but it took several minutes for Jean to regain enough composure and common-sense to go back and shut the door. The whole outside world seemed in chaos, and the interior of the house was still in comparison.

Puff! Out went Jean's lantern! After standing undecidedly in the same place for quite an interval, the girl was shocked by a sudden clap of thunder and a flash of lightning. A storm burst without, and she knew that the fates had decided that she must stay, for no one could venture out into the storm.

What was that? The even tread of footsteps on the floor above. Back and forth, back and forth they went. Sometimes they stopped; then they would begin again. Jean was frozen to the spot, but a great terror told her not to stay in the hall where the stairs were, so she went as quietly as she could into the next room. Her teeth chattered so loudly that she thought they could be heard all over the house.

Something soft crushed under the girl's groping feet. Her blood ran cold, but, as the lightning flashed, she looked down and saw—yes, only a moth-eaten bear rug. Relieved, yet shaky, Jean sat down in an old arm chair to fortify her mind before beginning her search.

The silence within and the great uproar without were appalling. The shutters banged noisily against the house, shaking its old foundations.

Since Jean had no means of relighting her lantern, she could only see the room by occasional flashes of lightning. She perceived that the room must have once been a library or den. Ranged around the room were empty book-shelves. A dark, forbidding fireplace occupied one side. Jean imagined that a great, dark shape would jump out from the fireplace. The old clock on the mantel ever pointed to the hour of twelve. While she sat quietly in her chair, the lightning flashed less often, and the rumbling thunder seemed to recede.

Suddenly a dark, formless, shapeless object issued from the fireplace and flitted blindly around the room. Terrified, the girl crouched low in her chair. The thing (it didn't seem as though it could be anything but a thing) found its way back to the fireplace and did not appear again. The terrorized girl gradually grew calm and laughed at her fear, for she then knew that the thing must have been a bat.

She was about to rise to go about her search, when the haunting footsteps began, this time over the library. A crash! A piercing scream from the floor above! Breathing heavily, Jean ran into the reception hall and was blindly groping her way for the door when she looked up. A ghost! Something white

was coming down the steps! She screamed and ran into the library. A door which she had perceived before looked like an avenue of escape. The frightened girl groped for the knob, flung herself through the door against a blank wall. She sought the adjoining wall with her hand and touched something bony—a skeleton!

Jean screamed wildly and jumped back against the wall. She panted and sobbed like a child, as she leaned against her prison barrier. Something cold dangled against her neck, but her senses were almost too dazed and frozen by fright to feel anymore. She turned around to face the wall.

The closet door opened. A light flashed, and Jean vaguely clutched at the wall. She grabbed hold of a hook or knob (she knew not what), but the wall cracked, and the girl fell, grasping the hook in her hand.

A shaking voice spoke. "It is only I. Don't be frightened." Jean lay stunned upon the floor, tightly clutching something in one of her clenched fists. The voice came nearer and pleaded chokingly, "Wake up! O, Jean, don't die! It would be my fault." The tone ended in a wail and sob.

Jean moved restlessly and spoke incoherently. Gradually (it seemed like hours) she grew calm and opened wide her eyes. She perceived her cousin Mabel bending over her with glistening drops in her expressive brown eyes.

As strength returned Jean, was wont to laugh at her fright, but Mabel, rejoicing that her cousin was well, half-laughed and half-sobbed, "Jean, O Jean, it was my fault! I thought you were the coward, but I'm the coward and sneak. I came to look for the key without telling you. I was upstairs and fell, and that frightened you so. Can you forgive—"

"Mabel, please forget it. I was crazy to let fear grip me like that," said matter-of-fact Jean, who hated scenes.

Then for the first time she noticed the hook in her hand, and on the hook was the cold thing that had dangled against her neck, a key with a yellowed note attached to it. Surely the fates play queer tricks. With a squeal she read the note which gave directions as to where the jewel-case containing the pearls was hidden.

With beating hearts the two girls followed the directions and found the pearls, Jean's pearls, a glittering, glistening necklace in a jewel-case hidden under a brick of the fireplace. The case bore the inscription, "To the victor belong the spoils." And there was an invaluable diamond ring for Mabel with a note attached, "For my less fortunate granddaughter."

Dreaming

By CHARLES GILBERT

I sat listening to a concert
With my eyes closed,
Musing,
And I heard great chords of fine music.
Some low—and peaceful—
Some loud—and crashing.
The hall was filled with people,
And I sat listening with my eyes closed—
Musing,
While before me crowded many pictures,
Music took me among strange people,
Amid strange scenes,
Like a magic carpet;
I sat—musing

I.

Spain

I was a warrior with El Cid
In Valencia.
I was a warrior dressed in bright armor,
Friend and companion of Rodrigo,
Cid Campeador,
Brother of his fair wife,
The princess Ximena.
I was a warrior, on the rampart of Valencia,
Looking down upon the bristling lances of the
Almoravides,
And upon their sharp halberds;
Blinded by the sun's light reflecting from
Their polished armor.
I was on the ramparts of Valencia,
Fighting while my lord lay dying;
I was a warrior in bright armor

II.

Cathedral Of Milan

It rained—slowly—softly—steadily—
The city was seen through a mist,
A soft, silvery, gray mist,
As before dawn.
Naked feet squished on the wet pavement,
And women in scarlet petticoats
Pattered by, bearing heavy loads—
On their heads—
Indistinctly the spires of the cathedral
Were seen pointing toward heaven
Like the fingers of Christ—
It rained—

And the drops dripped from the carven balconies.
They dripped—slowly—softly—steadily—
Graceful domes—lit by pointed Gothic windows,
Carved with figures of Saints—and Martyrs—
By old Masters—
It rained—slowly—softly—steadily

The Jungle Night

By ELDER JAMES OLSON

The sluggish river seeps away
Through the strange black night
In its silent way,
And the moving mists
Curl their ghostly grey
Over the jungle-land.

The dead moon drowned in a sea of black
Drifts along the sky
In a gloomy wrack,
And the clouds creep on
In their smoky track
Over the jungle-land.

Ashore the moss-hung palm-trees sway
Like sable plumes
In a grim array
And the shadows weave
And the fireflies play
Over the jungle-land.

The silent ship that waits for day
Burns its four dull lamps
That the night inlay,
And the filmy fog
Breathes its ghostly grey
Over the jungle-land.

Lacey, Lathrop, and Law

By PAUL KANTROWITZ

Two pairs of feet crept slowly, softly, stealthily about within a certain wealthy home. Two pairs of feet crept slowly, but surely closer together. Closer, closer, and closer they came until, at the base of the front staircase, their owners met.

"Er, a a a why a a who're you?" said the owner of one pair of feet.

The other owner, surprised, frightened, and at a loss for words, could only reply, "Oh! and may I ask who're you?"

Both men were well dressed and wore dark suits. Neither advertised his trade by his appearance. The first man was tall and well proportioned, while the second was rather short and stocky. Both were experienced men (the first being some ten years the second's senior) and inclined to use their brains rather than their brawn. Both men were confused on confronting one another, and, naturally, their first impulse was to join in combat. Nevertheless, each man on observing that his compeer was unarmed, well dressed, and, in short, possessing no apparent proclivity toward violence, though he appeared sufficiently able to offer it, chose either to accomplish that for which he had come, or quit the scene without any disturbance. Each man thought, of course, that the other was in some way connected with the owner, but how and to what degree, was left therefore for each to find out.

"Why, I'm Tom Lathrop. And you . . .?" said the first man.

The second man, not a little disturbed at the candid, yet vague statement, replied with some forced dignity, "My name is Robert Lacey." And then on the moment, in a fit of recklessness, and with an air of defiance prompted by the fear of discovery, mixed with a desire to have done with his adversary, he added, "May I ask what brought you here?"

Now Lathrop was at sea. He could not formulate a plan of attack or defense, so he continued to prevaricate.

"Why, I was told to come here," he answered. And, desperate as he was to get in possession of the situation, he asked, "What, may I ask, brought you here?"

Lacey, evading the question, tacitly returned with, "Told to come here? For what purpose may I ask?"

This evasion disconcerted Lathrop and thrust him into an unfavorable position. He decided, as a last resort, to feign an intimacy with the owner of the home. What if he was discovered? Matters could not culminate in anything more than an affray anyway, and surely he was not afraid of his adversary, so he replied:

"Man, I'm Tom Lathrop, an intimate friend of Mr. Downs, the owner of this house."

Ah! it was out. He waited anxiously for Lacey to show any signs of doubt, or violence, for he was ready to attack him. A brief silence intervened, only to intensify Lathrop's anxiety.

Lacey, on learning that Lathrop knew Downs, had likewise an impulse to overpower him. Nevertheless, his intellect dominated his actions. He decided to play his hand for all it was worth. He would play the old "con" game.

"Mr. Lathrop!" he said. "Why, yes, I remember you! Indeed! I'm Robert Lacey. (Both shake hands rather heartily, each to impress the other.) Don't you remember when Mr. Downs introduced me to you at the pony track? Lathrop! Why I remember the name distinctly!"

Lacey had noticed the flicker of doubt and hesitation in the eyes of Lathrop while he was speaking. That was the reason he inserted his last sentence. It would be a refuge if his scheme failed, to arouse Lathrop to a recognition of their acquaintance.

Now Lathrop was up a tree. He saw plainly that Lacey knew Downs and that Lacey thought he, Lathrop, was an acquaintance of his. If he admitted this acquaintance, he knew he would put himself in jeopardy of being unable to answer any questions Lacey might put to him, so he played safe. While they were still shaking hands Lathrop said:

"How do you do, Mr. Lacey. I'm sorry, but really, right off hand I just can't place you."

"Mr. Lathrop," said Lacey, "don't you remember when Mr. Downs wagered fifty dollars that Black Bird would come in last, and won?"

Lacey knew Lathrop wouldn't remember. He was confident of the fact. He was desperate. This question would provoke a reply at least, and anything was better than silence.

"No, really, Mr. Lacey, you, I am sure have mistaken me for some one else, perhaps another man with my cognomen."

Ah! this was a good "feeler." Lathrop noticed that its reaction on Lacey was favorable. Apparently he was safe. Too, this was just the kind of a remark Lacey wished to hear. Apparently he too was safe.

"Perhaps," replied Lacey, "but at first I thought surely you were he. Same height and general features and . . . Well, it's true I only met the gentleman that one time! Very nice fellow. A-a-a, quite a coincidence—the names! Indeed, and our meeting here is yet a greater coincidence! May I ask what brought you here?"

"Oh! why a-a you see," said Lathrop, "I live a few doors from where Mr. Downs is summering, and, as I was coming to the city for a few days, he offered me the use of his house. He did not mention you to me."

Lathrop now knew that his own statement would either make, or break him. He thought, "What if Lacey is living here? Yet, why are the blinds down in all the rooms?"

"Ah," said Lacey, "nor did he mention you to me. Mr. Downs surprises me in that respect. It a . . ."

Lathrop, still in hot water, could not refrain from breaking in with, "By the way, what brought you here?"

"Oh, Mr. Downs sent me a letter this morning," said Lacey, "asking me if I would send him a certain suit case that he had forgotten on leaving the city. He did not recall where he had put it, so I'll have to hunt for it. I was just looking for . . ." He stopped short. He recalled that Lathrop was in the house when he came in. (Both men were standing at the base of a flight of stairs, on either side of which were entrances leading to other rooms. In other words they were in the reception room, each man in the first instance, having

come from a different side of the house.) Lacey knew Lathrop would be wondering how he, Lacey, got in the front door without his hearing him, as Lathrop apparently had been in the very next room. He hoped Lathrop would overlook it.

Lathrop had understood what Lacey intended to say, and, being not the least bit skeptical, continued with:

"Then let me help you find it."

"Fine," said Lacey, as he was none the less anxious to get away from his unsuspecting compeer. Before he could say another word Lathrop had added:

"What say you look about upstairs while I search down here? Most likely you'll find it up there."

"All right," replied Lacey as he turned to ascend the stairs. "Whew!" said the same to himself as he closed the door of the first room behind him. "That was a humdinger! It's a darn good thing he's such a sociable fellow, or my goose 'ud have been cooked. He swallowed everything, hook, line, and sinker."

Lathrop retreated into the room from whence he had come. It was the dining room. "Now for some fast work," said he. "My this feels good! Mum! Solid Sheffield too! I'll just place it in this . . . I guess it's a pillowcase—and hunt for more while Lacey is looking for that bag."

Lacey in the meantime was rummaging through the contents of a big desk. "Some oil bonds," said he. "Eh, can't cash those. Ah! five big Liberty bonds! Kinda foolish of you, Mr. Downs. Can't expect the ladies to leave any trinkets of value aroun' when they're going on a vacation. It will be a little embarrassing for me to get the silverware with the guy downstairs. I'd better find that bag first." He crept downstairs. "Confound," said he, "did they take their silver with them? Eh! No jewelry except a few gold and silver plated bracelets, a few cheap rings, and ear-rings, a jewel case, and a boudoir clock. What a haul."

Lathrop in the meanwhile had stolen up stairs with his pillowcase. One room was searched and nothing was found. Another room was searched and nothing was found. And then another and still another. "What can be the meaning of this?" he cried. "Not even a bit of jewelry! Not even a cheap bracelet! Nothing except these oil bonds which I can't cash!—I wonder where Lacey is? Must have gone downstairs."

Lacey looked in every room. He found nothing and was therefore not a little peeved. He wondered where Lathrop went to. "Must have gone up stairs," thought he. "Well, I'm finished," thought he. "Here's where I duck." He did not get a chance to move five feet before Lathrop had turned from the stairs, empty handed, and accosted him with:

"Ah! so there you are, Mr. Lacey. I see you have found the bag."

"Yes, aaa," said Lacey, "I found it and came down to tell you. I'll have to be going now." He started unconcernedly towards the front door.

"But your hat!" broke in Lathrop.

"How forgetful of me!" said Lacey, not a little abashed. Both started to hunt about the dining room for the cap which Lacey said he had. Some five minutes or more were spent thus and yet no cap was found. Lacey laid his bag down, of course, so as not to attract attention. The spot happened to be in the dining room, right off the hall. The search spread throughout the adjoining rooms. Lathrop did not let Lacey get out of his sight. He was helping to find a cap which he himself had hidden. Presently he spoke.

"It rather looks as if you left it up stairs doesn't it, Mr. Lacey?" said Lathrop in a sincere and confident tone.

"Yes, a," said the exasperated Lacey with a half hearted grin upon his face. "I would have sworn," thought he, "that I left it in that library before I met that guy. Well, I'll have to get it," said he. He tried to be cheerful for safety's sake. The minute he started up the stairs, Lathrop drew forth a cigarette and crossed slowly into the dining room.

"Now for that bag," said Lathrop as soon as he had gotten out of sight. "I wonder what's in it?" No sooner had he said the words than the bag was open. "Ummm! No wonder Downs wants this bag! No wonder I couldn't find anything! Ha! Trying to pull the wool over my eyes eh?" In an instant he had emptied the contents in a far corner of the room. Seeing the telephone, he dashed to it, yanked the cord out of the wall, and stuffed the 'phone and the directories into the bag. All was accomplished in a split second. At this juncture he turned to the buffet drawer and drew forth the cap. He then called to Lacey.

"Say, old top, you are a bum huntsman." Lacey wasted no time in coming down.

"I went to sit in one of those chairs," continued Lathrop, pointing to the covered dining chairs which were drawn up close to the table, "and found it."

"Well, what do you know about that! Ha!" replied Lacey, madder than a wet hen. "I'm ready at last I believe." He picked up his bag, and both walked to the door. "I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Lathrop, and I hope to have the opportunity of seeing you again soon." He opened the door.

"Yes, you bet," answered Lathrop. "I'll stay here tonight, and if I can manage all my affairs tomorrow, I'll go home on the evening train."

Both shook hands and parted. After Lathrop closed the door he flew up stairs to a bedroom in which he had placed his pillowcase. He grabbed another valise and dashed to the dining room. Having exited through a side window, he went towards the alley. The ashman, the iceman, and huckster were in it. That was too big a crowd for Lathrop, so he stole to the front of the house. No one was in sight, so he walked rapidly away. After passing six or seven houses he turned around. The coast was clear. No one around except some little children.

"All's well," said Lathrop half aloud as he strode on. "That was an easy job! Ha! The poor fool!"

"Yes," said a calm, low, but clear voice.

Lathrop turned on the instant and saw three feet behind him a revolver and a star behind it.

Thus, Lacey and Lathrop parted, the first going home with the telephone, while the latter went to jail with nothing.

When Knighthood Was in Flour

By DOROTHY BRENNAN

"Hands up! Can't chu see I'm a robber—a fierce one—a pirate?"

"Shame on you, Billy, for pickin' on a girl. You're afraid to pick a fight with the boys so you try 'n rob me!"

"I'll bet I ain't afraid of no boys."

"I'll bet you are. Any way if Bobby was here, he wouldn't let you hurt me. I like him. He's a nice boy, not a toughy like you. Why here he comes now!"

And down the street came Bobby, all dressed up in white socks, a frilled collar, turned-up straw hat, goggles, and a cane. When he joined the Golden-Haired-Girl and the Boy-Dressed-In-Overalls he said, "Hello, Marjory, hello, William."

Now the Boy-Dressed-In-Overalls did not like to be called "William," so he jeeringly said, "Ha, ha, lookit the sissy with the cane. Oh Bobby and his cane, ha, ha."

"That cane is pretty. Are you jealous, 'cause you haven't got one?" said Marjory.

"Bobby, Billy is tryin' to rob me; he says he's a pirate."

"H'm. Girls are so silly. Don't you know there aren't any pirates?"

"Well, he says he's one and he looks bad."

"I am a pirate, so there! My mother says I am, now. 'Nif you don't look out I'll rob you too. Guess I'll have to kidnap Margy. Pirates always kidnaps peoples." So saying he grabbed the Golden-Haired-Girl by the arm and proceeded to try to pull her away with him.

"Ooo Bobby! Save me. Save me," cried the girl, so what could Robert do but try to pull her away from Billy?

"I'll fix you," he said and punched Billy with such a whack that he sat right down on the sidewalk.

"Why, why-er-a," spluttered Billy, too surprised to say a word. At last finding his breath he said, "Come and fight like a man. Take off your goggles 'n lay 'em down 'n your cane too 'n fight like a man."

"Ooo Bobby, you show him! Lick 'em up," encouraged Margy. "He's only a toughy. I like you, Bobby. You've got to fight him."

What was there to do but to fight, when his lady fair was bidding him fight for her hand, so he hurriedly did as Billy told him and started to fight.

Let us pass over the sad details of the fight.

When Bobby emerged a few minutes later his immaculate socks were dirty and torn, his ruffled collar all mussed, he had a bloody nose and one eye was rapidly swelling shut.

"Now, you will be a smarty, will you?" quoth Billy. "Just for that you have to get me some cookies. That good kind your cook makes—lots of them. An' if you don't, I'll lick yu again." So said our hero.

Bobby cringingly consented to get him some cookies, so picking up his glasses, hat, and cane, he hurriedly backed away into the yard of his home.

Once inside the kitchen he had some misgivings. What if the cook should see him, but no, today was her day off. His mother? Was she around? No, he remembered she was entertaining callers in the living room. He slipped

quietly into the pantry and stretched his neck looking for the cookie jar. Ah, there it was, way up on the fourth shelf. Well, he couldn't reach it so he'd have to climb up. No, the shelves weren't strong enough to hold him. What should he do? Outside he heard an ominous voice yelling, "Hurry with those cookies, you."

Well, the next best thing was the flour bin. He could easily climb on that and then maybe he could reach the cookies. No sooner said than done and the next minute he was on tippy-toe, every muscle strained to reach the jar. Steady, steady, just a little more. Only half an inch. With every nerve taut he had just grasped the jar with his hand when he was suddenly lowered into the flour bin with the cookies on top of him!

So surprised was he that it took a minute or so for him to get his bearings, when suddenly he came too hearing a voice yell from outside, "I'll give yer fifty to be out with them cookies. One, two, three, four."

He quickly tried to squirm his way out and in doing so knocked over the whole bin, spilling not only his whole self full of flour, but all the pantry floor.

Suddenly he began to cry. What would his mother say when she saw this, but more important, what would she do? "Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen." He was quickly reminded of the present, and wiping away his tears with a floury hand, he picked up some cookies, blew the flour off of them, and picked his way to the door, leaving a snowy trail behind him. When he opened the door the count was forty-seven, and when he emerged on the porch it was fifty. He was greeted by a shriek and a Ha-Ha!

"Lookit Bobby, he fell into the flour barrel. Didja think that 'ud clean yu, Bob?"

"Oh, Bobby, how funny you look. Your eye is black and all shut and your nose 's real big and red 'n your hair is white. Ha-ha! 'N just see, Billy, he's been cryin'; his face is all smeary. I'm so glad you don't cry, Billy. You're a regular fellow. I like you." The pair walked away with the cookies and the dejected Bobby stared after them.

But such is the way of women!

MY CITY

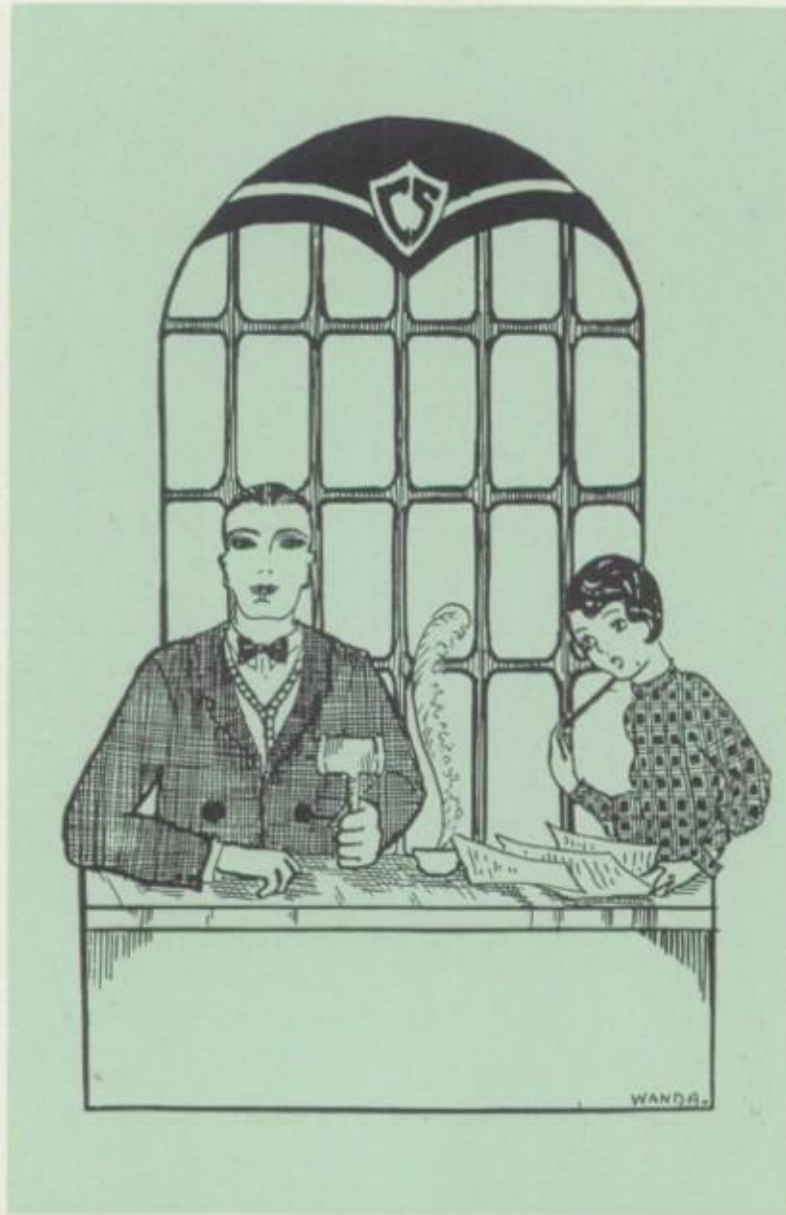
By ELDER JAMES OLSON

These be the things I love my city for:
Slow-winding, icy rivers, green and grey,
Weaving between a grim and black array
Of cold stiff smokestacks, row on row, and more.

The cold white snow that smokes up from the street
With each wind-puff; the dark blue bowl of night
Laced with black branches; clouds that whip, light, by;
The tinkling sounds when panes encounter sleet.

And tall white buildings looming to the sky,
Like misty candles; then, the blue-bright spark
That leaps from frosted rails into the dark,
The while the rails grind out their iron cry.

The snow, a shadow-owl, on silent wings—
Oh, I could sing a thousand lovely things!





C. A. PETTERSEN

Eighty-eight

Thank You

Have you ever stopped to consider what an important feature of every Schurzone are the pictures of the organizations? Each of these pictures means to some fifty people a lasting memorial, which the years will make increasingly dear, of the happy times spent with the particular group to which he belonged at school. Certainly then some words of appreciation are due him to whose kind co-operation we owe these pictures—Mr. Pettersen.

Of course our clubs seem important to us, but it is easy to see that they might seem insignificant to a busy man. Yet with each new semester Mr. Pettersen may be found standing valiantly at his post behind the camera trying faithfully to depict the countenances of students despite contortions that would try the patience of a saint. I think we all appreciate the fact that it is no easy task to photograph a group of people so bubbling over with mirth and hilarity that no two of them will stand still at the same time. Still for years Mr. Pettersen's sympathetic understanding has coped with the young people's "foolishness," and the young people want him to know now that they do gratefully appreciate his kindness and look to him not only as a mentor but as a staunch ally and friend.

The first time some one does us a kindness our thanks are ready enough, but as that service becomes oft repeated some of us take it as a matter of course, and although we have a feeling of gratitude, we fail to express it. Knowing that we may rely on Mr. Pettersen's interest and help is a most comfortable feeling but let's not take him for granted! In the final rush of compiling our magazine we are apt to overlook those words of appreciation, so we take this opportunity of saying them now, in all sincerity.

No matter how busy Mr. Pettersen has been, he has always found time to come and take pictures for us, so certainly our time is not so limited that we cannot take a few minutes to say "Thank You," for hours of unselfish assistance.

The Guard System

Schurz has a student government of its own—the guard system. The efficiency of this department has reached its highest point during this semester in spite of the fact that the new addition necessitated the appointment of many more guards, and entailed consequently, more work. Thirty-six seniors, juniors, and sophomores have been on duty each period, distributed over all parts of the building.

They are ever watchful for strayed waste paper and strayed students;—the former eventually find their way to the waste baskets, and the latter eventually land in their classes. The vigilant guards, with the loyal cooperation of the students keep the halls quiet and prevent any annoyances to the classes.

The executive ability of Miss Semmelmeyer, faculty sponsor for the guard system, is largely responsible for its success. If, during the coming semester, every student will make it his business to cooperate with Miss Semmelmeyer, the success of the guard system will be continued.

The guard marshals are to be commended for their excellent management and sense of responsibility.

As the 4 Bs have already proved their ability in assuming the important task of guarding the halls, the 4 A's may with all confidence leave to them the work of the following semester.

The Bull-Dog Club

To promote sociability and to further military instruction among the fifteen R. O. T. C. officers is the aim of the Bull-Dog Club.

The following officers were elected in September:

Cadet Captain	IRVING STOLLER	<i>President</i>
Cadet Captain	WALTER ROSS	<i>Vice-President</i>
Cadet 1st Lieutenant	BERLYN McLAUGHLIN	<i>Secretary</i>
Cadet Captain	JOSEPH RIVA	<i>Treasurer</i>
Cadet Captain	ROBERT COLWELL	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

All the officers named above and the first sergeant are eligible for membership.

Meetings were held the first and third Tuesday of every month in Portable F, tenth period.

Under the direction of Cadet Captain, Frank Stonesifer, the fourth annual Cadet Hop, given by the Bull-Dog Club, was held Saturday, November 14, at Mayfair Field house. The guests present included Mrs. Curtis and her mother, Mrs. Walter Dax, Colonel Mould, and Colonel and Mrs. Whigam.



The Literary Club

A long-felt need was gratified in October when Miss Hill organized the Schurz Literary Club. During the semester it has flourished, and its members are wondering how Schurz ever got along without a literary organization.

Every week a new program committee is appointed and the only regular officers are the secretary, Florence Stolley and treasurer, John Hogan.

It is a lively club and something interesting is planned for each meeting. Plays, stories, discussions, and parties occupy most of the time, but business matters are not slighted. John Hogan and his assistants have proved themselves able treasurers and the club is by no means financially depleted.

Without Miss Hill, however, the club would not be what it is. She arranged committee meetings, expeditions, plays and parties, and is a very well loved sponsor.



The Arts Club

The Arts Club, a new organization at Schurz, sponsored by Miss Robertson enrolled forty-four members and elected the following officers:

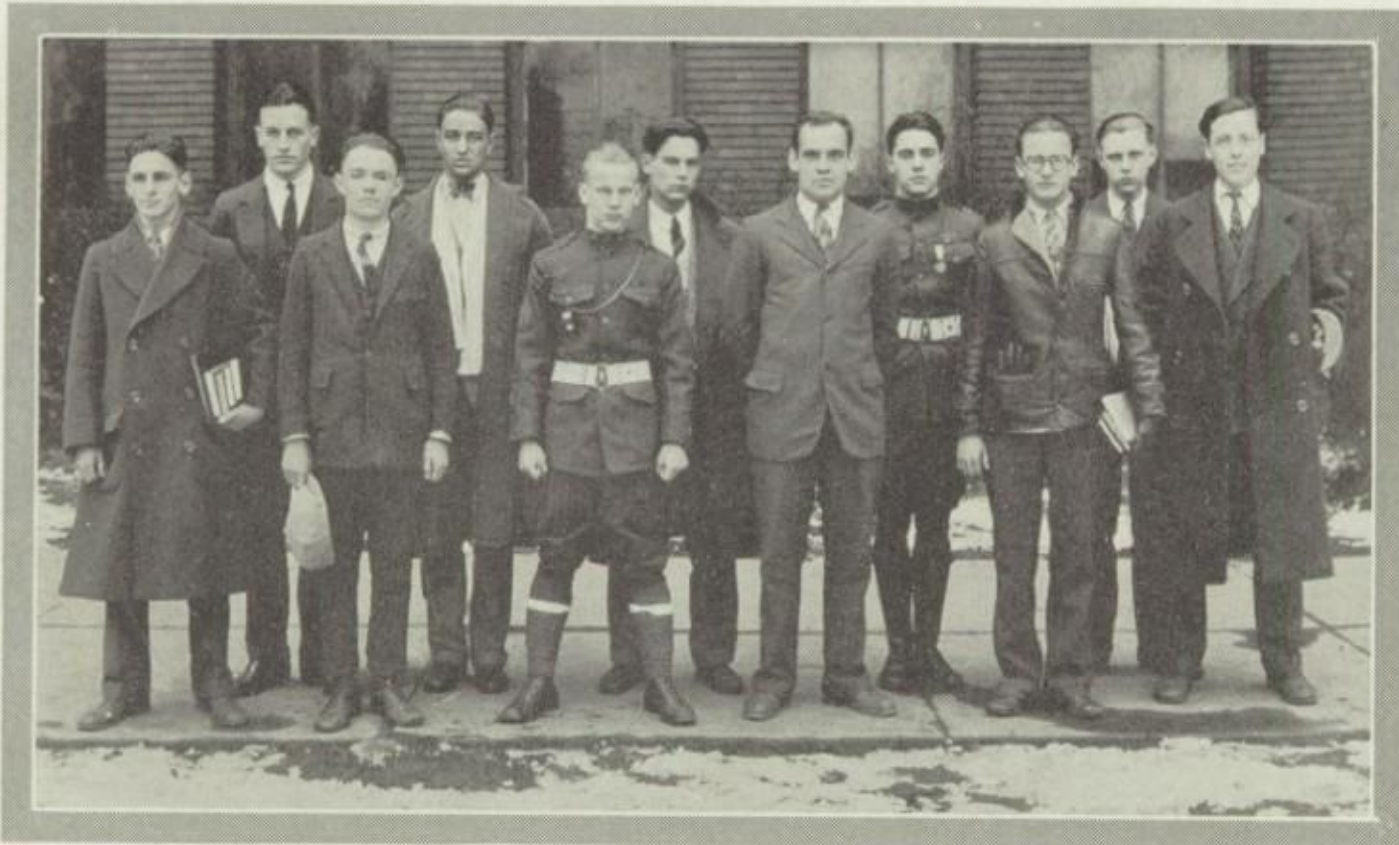
FRANCES POE*President*

FLORENCE BEEBE*Secretary-Treasurer*

It was decided that meetings should be held the sixth period in Room 355, on the first and third Wednesdays of every month.

The club's activities included several visits to the Art Institute for the purpose of viewing exhibitions which were later discussed at meetings. A Christmas party was given on December 16.

A large number of the cartoons and illustrations for the Schurzone and Schurz World were made by club members. They also decorated the new gym for the senior prom.



The Hi-Y Club

The recent election of the officers of the Hi-Y Club brought the following results:

ROBERT GLAHN	<i>President</i>
WALTER ROSS	<i>Vice-President</i>
BIRDWELL, D'ARMOND	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

For the convenience of the members, the meetings were held at the secretary's home, 4147 Byron street, every Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

It was decided to have one social dinner, one business, and two discussion meetings every month.

The faculty adviser was Mr. Vernon, and Mr. MacDonald, secretary of the Division Street Y. M. C. A. was also an adviser.

The aluminum frames for posters placed throughout the halls of the school, were installed by the club.

Pins were adopted by the club also this semester.

The members decided to be a "Good Fellow" at Christmas and donated a basket of food to a poor family.

The total membership numbers seventeen.



The Civics Club

The Civics Club was re-organized by Miss Halushka at the beginning of the semester, and the following officers were elected:

ROBERT COLWELL	<i>President</i>
ANGELA SCHWARZ	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELEANOR VOLQUARTZ	<i>Secretary</i>

Evangeline Carlson, Fred Breitenbach, Robert Colwell, and Elmer Martin drew up a constitution for the club.

Angela Schwarz, Elizabeth Elich, Le Roy Kaufman, Allen Karman, and Joseph Riva constituted the permanent program committee this semester.

The chief activities of the Civics Club were trips to the Central Exchange of the Telephone Company, the Tribune Tower, and the Wrigley Building. The trips were all arranged by David Schneider.



The Radio Club

The most active club of all organizations, can be found in the radio club, with an enrollment of about forty members, which, sponsored by Mr. Fenner and directed by the following officers, has shoved Schurz into the limelight of all radiotics known.

ROBERT COLWELL*President*

FRED MARTENS, 9EFF*Vice-President*

ELMER MARTIN,*Secretary*

RAYMOND FREIWALD, 9QP*Treasurer*

Meetings were held every Thursday, ninth period, in Room 122. Series of talks, chosen from a modern text-book and including such topics as loudspeakers, tubes, hookups, were given by club members. Code practice, under the direction of Fred Martens was practiced twice a week in the photometric room.

The club took part in the amateur set-building contest held in the Coliseum Tuesday, November 17. Fifteen sets, which were made by the members, were given to the club. The best three selected were those built by Fred Raedel, Edwin Danisch, and Ernest Wallander who were each presented with a \$35 Balkite "B" battery eliminator.

The Dramatic Club

The future Sarah Bernhardts and John Barrymores did well last semester under the leadership of Barclay Graham, president; Elizabeth Elich, vice-president; Muriel Onsrud, secretary; and LeRoy Torgerson, treasurer.

The social committee consisted of the following members: Arona Busch, Ethel Bonthrom, David Baldwin, and Walter Hoffman. Ethel Anderson, Margaret Anderson, Henry Busch, and William Patterson arranged enjoyable programs throughout the semester.

The senior class displayed its dramatic ability when it presented the three act play, "Pygmalion and Galatea," by W. S. Gilbert.

The cast:

<i>Galatea</i>	Elizabeth Elich
<i>Leucippe</i>	Russell Black
<i>Myrine</i>	Marie Leganger
<i>Pygmalion</i>	Fred Breitenbach
<i>Daphne</i>	Ethel Anderson
<i>Chrysos</i>	Howard Evensen
<i>Cynisca</i>	Dorothy Brennan
<i>Agesimos</i>	LeRoy Torgerson
<i>Mimos</i>	Walter Hoffman

The success of the club reflects the earnest, tireless work of its sponsor, Miss Keenan.

The Letterman Club

The Letterman Club, to which only those are eligible who are rightfully entitled to wear letters, was re-organized at the beginning of the semester under the sponsorship of Mr. Havlicek, and forty members were enrolled. The purpose of the club is to establish high athletic morale and to raise the standard of athletic award. The following were elected to office:

HENRY BUSCH	President
IRWIN BEISLER	Vice-President
HARVEY ANDERSON	Secretary
GEORGE THIEL	Treasurer

Harvey Anderson, Charles Laib, Olaf Nilson, and William Poisner, were elected to a constitutional committee.

The letters decided on for athletic awards are eight inches high and are gold on a purple ground.



Dramatic Club Play





The Chorus

"The Messiah" was presented by the Schurz Choral Society on Friday, December 18, 1925, in the old assembly hall. This was the sixth presentation of the oratorio in the history of Schurz, and it was the first time that the orchestra accompanied all the choral singing. The concert was directed by Mr. Lagerquist.

This was one of the rare occasions when the soprano soloist was a student at Schurz. It is often the case that the soprano must be gotten from the professional ranks; but at this concert, Ethel Reid, a junior, sang the solos. Her voice is quite remarkable in its range and tone quality.

The contralto solos were sung by a member of the faculty, Miss Katherine Gray. The accompanist was Mrs. Margaret Wilson-Lagerquist, June '17. Dr. Howard D. Lagerquist, also June '17, sang the baritone solos. Both Dr. and Mrs. Lagerquist have taken part in most of the annual concerts given in the history of the chorus. The tenor solos were sung by Dr. Leon Jones.

The Choral Society includes the evening school chorus consisting of twenty-seven members. Twenty-three of them are day school alumni, seven of these are teachers in the public schools, and three are attending the Chicago Normal College.

The following alumni sang:

Elsie Anderson
Lorraine Anderson
Charlotte Aronson
Karen Assens
Marie Assens
Ralph Bernardini
Frances Brushhaber
Myrtle Cahill
Elizabeth Christmann
Elsie Couleur
Evelyn Farr
Jessie Farr

Marian Guyer
Daisy Hanson
Emilie Robert Herr
Florence Hewling
Myrtle LaMarsh
Marie Lehmann
Eunice Michels
Lorna Michels
Katharine Peterson
Dorothy Poblocki
Muriel Sundstedt Tapp



Among the guests who honored the Chorus by joining in the singing were: Prof. James Taft Hatfield, of Northwestern University; Dr. E. A. Moulton; two members of the Apollo Musical club, Mr. H. G. Wells, former president, and Mr. Caesar Samson; Mr. Charles C. Dean, organist of the Irving Park Baptist Church.

Twelve professors from the University of Illinois gave audience to the chorus and orchestra in rehearsal and expressed keen appreciation of the work and its meaning to community life.

Many of the listeners were moved to appreciative comment upon the excellence of the work.

Dr. Leon James, the tenor soloist who had the day before sent Mr. Lagerquist flattering notice of a "Messiah" concert in a western state in which he had participated, where chorus and orchestra did excellent work, said it was not comparable with the Schurz performance.



The Spanish Club

The Spanish Club held its first meeting during the third week of September, with Dr. Juliano as sponsor. The following officers were elected:

GUSTAVE EINHORN		<i>President</i>
HERMAN RICKERT		<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET ANDERSON		<i>Secretary</i>
WALLACE JOHNSON		<i>Treasurer</i>

A social committee, consisting of three members, Catherine La Crosse, Theresa Rasz and Charles Ault, was elected. Verna Hyldahl, Jo Anna Mills, and Charles Gilbert were elected to the music committee.

The club's membership increased over seventy-five per cent owing to its new policy of admitting freshmen to its circle.

Pins with the club's insignia were adopted and are worn by most of the members.

A Hallowe'en party and a Christmas party were given through the efforts of the social and music committees.



The R. O. T. C.

After the retirement of Lieutenant Oscar N. Taylor, who is now editor of the Chicago Evening Post Radio Magazine, Colonel W. E. Mould (1st Lieut. U. S. A., Ret. Asst. P. M. S. & T.) became the new instructor. Colonel Mould's service in the regular army, including that at West Point, has covered many active years.

The presentation of commissions to the advanced officers of the R. O. T. C. unit was one of his first official duties. The following officers were assigned as commanders of the companies by Col. Mould:

Company A.....Fred Breitenbach, Captain.
Russell Black, Captain.

Company B.....Edward Stephani, Captain.

Company C.....Walter Ross, Captain.

Company D.....Michael Michlewski, 1st Lieutenant.

Beginning with next semester the enrollment of the R. O. T. C. will be limited, acting under orders from headquarters, to 300 members, the present enrollment being approximately 290.

Another order from headquarters instructs all officers ranking from 2nd Lieutenant up, to wear Sam Brown belts and leather puttees in order that they may be more easily distinguished from the cadets.

The officers who will be lost by graduation this semester are: Battalion Commander Cadet Captain Frank Stonesifer; Intelligence Officer Cadet Captain Irving Stoller; Joseph Riva, Allen Karman, Fred Breitenbach, Captains; Raymond Freiwald and Israel Prosterman, 2nd Lieutenants.



The Chess and Checker Club

With a total membership of sixty members and with Miss Dale as sponsor, the Chess and Checker Club has passed another busy semester.

The officers:

BETTY COWLE	<i>President</i>
DAVID SCHNEIDER	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANGELA SCHWARTZ	<i>Secretary</i>
IRVING STOLLER	<i>Treasurer</i>

In the absence of the president, Betty Cowle, David Schneider presided over the first few meetings.

A beach party was held near the Fish Fans' Club in Lincoln Park, and on Friday, November 13, the club gave a welcome home party for Betty in Room 333.

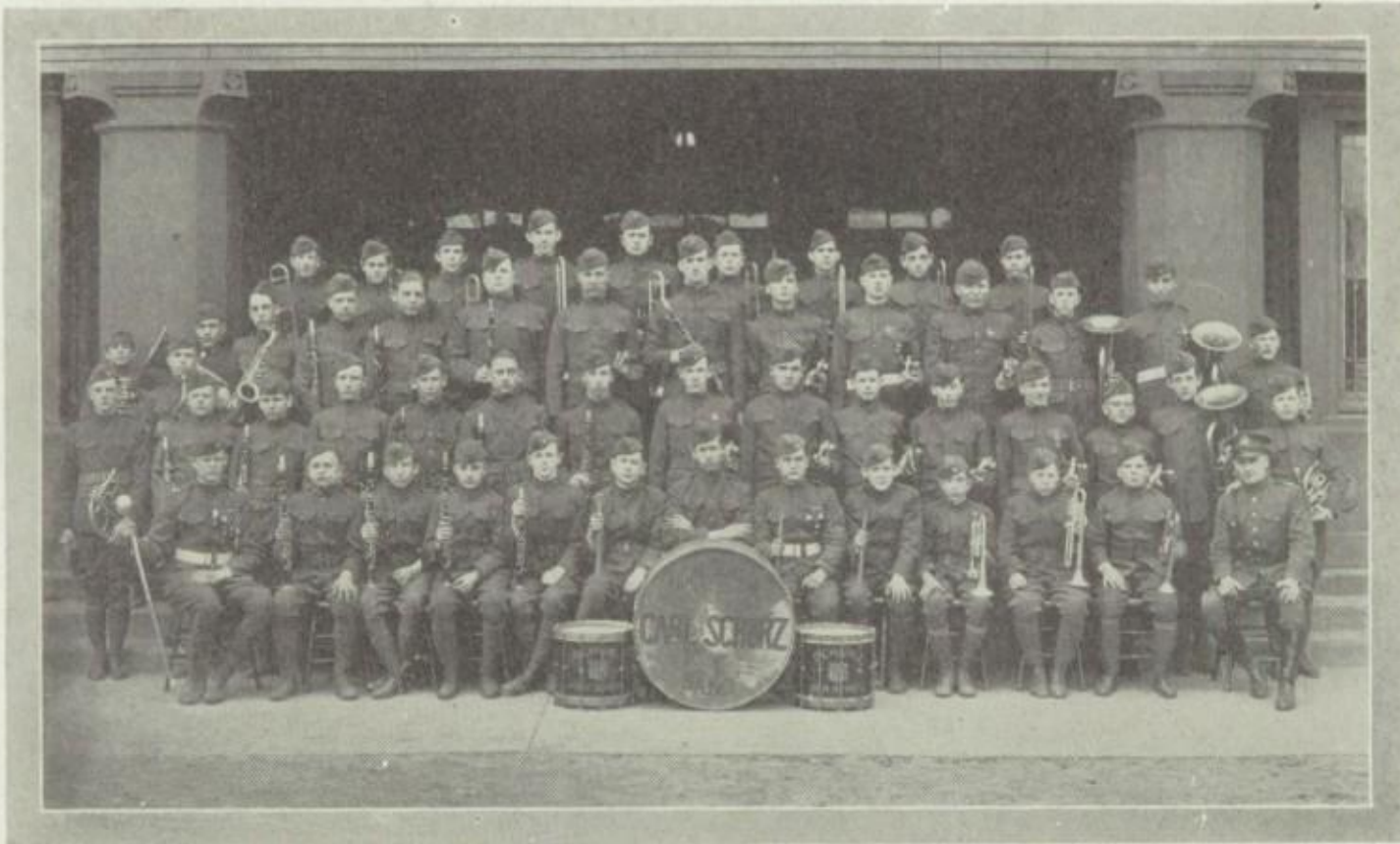
Pins were adopted by the club this semester, and all the members received one.

A checker team was organized with Mr. Johnson as coach, and entered the checker contest in which various high schools took part. The team consisted of:

Richard Stonesifer, Captain.
 Theresa Rasz, Manager.
 Anthony Sakelson, Arthur Bagge, David Schneider, Howard Olson, Marvin Gray and Roy Steimer.

The chess team, Mr. Soderling, coach, did not advance as far as the checker team, since few persons play chess as well as checkers. Robert Colwell and David Schneider were two of the best chess players.

One Hundred Two



The Band

The band has been practicing daily for its second concert to be given some time next spring. Some of the more difficult selections include:

"Poet and Peasant," by *Von Suppe*. "Scenes Pittoresque," by *Massenet*.
 "Orpheus Overture," by *Offenbach*. "Carmen," by *Bizet*.

This type of music is unusual for a military band. The repertoire of such bands usually consists for the most part of stirring marches, and Schurz is proud of the standard which the boys have set under the leadership of Captain Guy W. Reid.

On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, rehearsals are held in portable F, eighth period, and on Wednesday outside drill in band formation is held when the weather permits. The present enrollment of the band and band classes numbers from eighty to eighty-five members, of whom a number are cadet officers. These officers include: Joseph Riva and Allen Karman, Captains; Berlyn McLaughlin, 1st Lieutenant; Theodore Bogowicz, 2nd Lieutenant; John Haser, 1st Sergeant; Theodore Jankowski, Sergeant; Allen Karman, Drum Major; Walter Fink, 2nd Drum Major.

On account of graduation the band will lose Sanford Berg, Gus Ehnborn, Allen Karman, Joseph Riva, and Atwell Shinn.





The Schurz World

Because of Burton Trodson's conscientious work as editor of the Schurz World, that young five-column paper blossomed out this semester into a seven column one. Burton was ably supported by the excellent work of the journalism classes.

Howard Evensen and Lucille Luedke, associate editors, were indispensable members of the staff. Howard edited the Thanksgiving number of the paper, and Lucille the Christmas number. Barclay Graham successfully performed the duties of business manager. Fred Henning, circulation manager, brought the circulation up to 3,300.

Charlotte Weber and Irving Stoller did admirable work in teaching the freshmen how to write their own Frosh World.

Florence Stolley wrote with an easy grace and a delightful humor. She wrote many long articles and livened up numerous "dead" ones.

Gladys Wick was accurate, punctual, and responsible, and made the most of every bit of news that came her way. She wrote the best news stories.

Elder Olson, Howard Evensen, and Dorothy Anderson were the best editorial writers. Elder struck a really literary note in the book reviews, and conducted the humor column successfully.

Ernest Werbel was the sport editor in particular, and an excellent writer in general.

Margaret Anderson, Melvin Keyser, Elizabeth Roe, and Wilbur Walkoe performed wonders as writers of "heads."

Bonita Bookwalter was the best reporter.

Wanda Gladowski, Fred Blank, and Florence Beebe made up the art staff.

One Hundred Four



The Orchestra

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Mason, has passed another busy and interesting semester. Most of the time was spent in practicing the accompaniment for "The Messiah" concert which was given December 18 by the Chorus.

To many of the orchestra members, the daily practice in the Assembly Hall has meant more than they fully realize, especially to those who came to Schurz without the slightest ear or interest for music and who are now playing with the orchestra. Mr. Mason offered to teach those who were interested in either viola, cello, bass, or drum, so that they might become members of the orchestra. This has meant a start for many who are now playing with symphony orchestras, such as the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra, and the Chicago Theatre orchestra.

Mr. Mason has proved himself to be an excellent music master and has formed and improved an orchestra of which Schurz may well be proud. Many of the members who seem to realize this fact have returned to evening school after graduation in order that they may still belong to the Schurz orchestra.

The graduating class has claimed many members of the orchestra: Mary Louth, Clarence Brach, Hazel Guillot, Lorentz Adolphson, Robert Mason, Gustave Ehnborn, Sanford Berg, Allen Karman, Ernest Faigle, John Andersen, Gladys Heath, and Florence Carlson.



The Outdoor Club

The Outdoor Club was organized under the sponsorship of Miss Abell, and has enrolled seventy-five members. The following officers were elected:

LUCILLE LUEDKE *President*

ETHEL LINDSTROM *Secretary*

MARSHALL O'NEAL *President*

The various activities of the club, which included hiking, skating, sledding, and skiing, were entered into enthusiastically by the members.



A Hitherto Unpublished Story Of Burlock Bones

By VERNA OTT

Burlock Bones, who, toiling days and nights,
First found that a hot dog was hash in tights,
Was busily working one afternoon
When a visitor suddenly called, to whom
Burlock, undaunted, spoke thus, did he,
"You must be in trouble, since you've come to me,
You're too young to be married, you've a collegiate air—
You're a senior Schurzite, I declare.
I can tell by the way you part your hair
You'd shirk your homework, if you'd dare.
But you're worried, I can plainly see.
Come now, tell your troubles to me."

And thus spoke the Senior, "Alas, Alas—
There's something wrong with my senior class.
There's a vague hint of trouble in the air
And I'm nearly dead with so much care.

Why Charlotte was heard to laugh in the hall
And Barclay was grouchy. But that isn't all—
Paulsen for five minutes was as quiet as could be,
Laib was seen to laugh with glee.
Billy Poisner went to class
And sat thro' it quietly. It came to pass
That Hugo Speck came to school for a week
Without missing a day. Our dignified, sleek
Joe Riva was seen without a tie
And Genevieve K. was heard to sigh.
Edna Kruse was seen to frown.
Even Marion Enerson looked cast down.

Burlock Bones, for a minute looked blank;
His heart to his shoes like an anchor sank,
"This is, indeed, a mystery—
But never mind, just leave it to me."

And in Schurz next day a detective worked;
Around in the corridors softly he lurked—
He saw the Schurzites pack the hall
Between the classes, and one and all
Rush to and fro. He hid himself where
He could see someone rushing up the stair
Scattering freshmen here and there.
"Must be Anderson, or Beans, to tear
Thro' lines like that, or maybe 'tis
Captain Busch—he sure can whiz."

But as the whirlwind nearer drew
He saw just why those freshmen flew.
'Twas Allan, and the line he shot,
Was creating wind by the carload lot.
He saw Atwell Shinn, surrounded by girls,
Some with straight hair and some with curls,
All talking at once, and Bones, quietly
Crept nearer—but all he could see
Or hear was "Oh Atwell—tell us—we're dying to know."
And soon, Bones, disgusted, crept away. So
He went to Clara, to see, if, with her sense
She could tell whether he was dumb or just dense.
And wonder of wonders she told him that she
Was just as puzzled and curious as he.
Just as dumbfounded a little less gay
Than usual he found Cora LeMay.
Werbel stopped Charlestoneing long 'nuff to puff
To tell him, he too, had had enough.
"Enough of what?" Bones cried in despair
But Ernest was busy dancing there.

Sylvia and Betty were too busy to talk
In vain round the building poor Bones did stalk.
Lucille Bell and Angela Schwarz just giggled
As, disguised as a worm, into sight he wiggled.

Evangeline Carlson and Jo, in vain,
To Burlock, asking, tried to explain
But they both talked at once, and Bones, in despair
Made an exit—and left them talking there.

Zak and Irving walked away
As Bones acted 's if he'd come to stay.
Lucille Luedke, smart as she is,
Saw thro' his disguise of a collegiate "liz."

So sadly, mournfully, Bones did go
Back to his office—there to know
That his career as a detective now was o'er,
And the public had use for him no more.

One day in his office Bones sat forlorn
He'd been sitting, idle, since early morn
When the Senior, once more happy and gay,
Rushed into his presence, and cried "Away,
Away, old care, sad doubt and blues,
I have solved the mystery, and cannot refuse
Burlock Bones, to now disclose it to you.
The Seniors, now tranquilly settled anew
Were worried that week, more than the rest
In trying to decide which "grad" picture was best."





THE NEW FOUR YEAR TECH. COURSE - 1ST GRADUATES



MRS. GIBSON'S
HOPES REALIZED
50 ON THE HONOR
ROLL

THE FOOTBALL HEROES HAD
TO PLAY IN A FIELD LIKE THIS



OUR ATHLETIC
IDEA OF ROADWORK



THE NEW LUNCHROOM
IS STILL CLOSED, BUT
WE HAVE HIGH HOPES

BY Fred Blank.

Dreams Of Famous People

"Red" Grange was thrown for a five yard loss. Britton fumbled and Bob Anderson scooped up the ball and ran seventy yards before being brought to the ground. "Beans," on the next play, broke through the Illinois forward wall and secondary defense and crossed the white line for his seventh touchdown of the game. When the final whistle blew, with the score Schurz 53, Illini 0, the Big Ben went off and Bob Koehler woke up.

* * * * *

He walked with a stern look and dignified manner. The dignity of this noble youth, however, was marred by his failure to step high enough at the first step. Excited as he was he tightened his bearings until the fatal third step. It gave way under his weight. By contortionistic (that's a word you never heard of) movements he fell on his hands, thereby saving his tall complexion.

The audience broke forth with a merry "Ha-Ha" as he gained his equilibrium. With blood in his veins he stepped clumsily to the platform. Silence echoed in the room.

The mallet struck the table a glancing blow as Mrs. Stoller said, "Irving! It's time to get up!"

* * * * *

Soccer must make one dignified. In February '25 "Boots" Ackerman upheld the dignity of his class and now "Chuck" Laib in the February '26 class is the most dignified. He also is captain of our soccer team.

Station A. B. C.

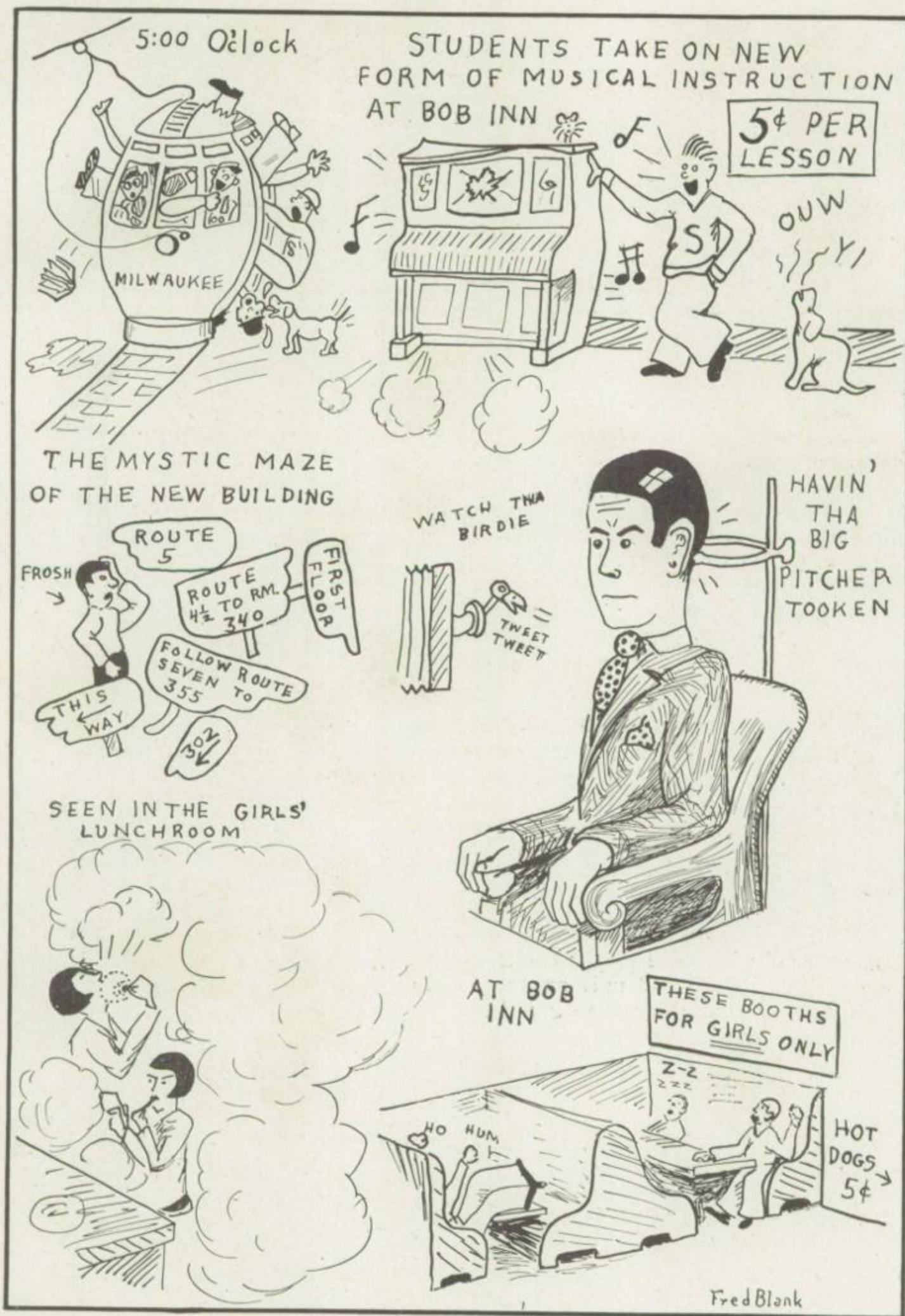
Just about two weeks ago,
I bought myself a radio—
Since then, everything's been wrong:
Pretty little three tube set—
There is nothing I can't get—
That's the trouble—Listen to my song—

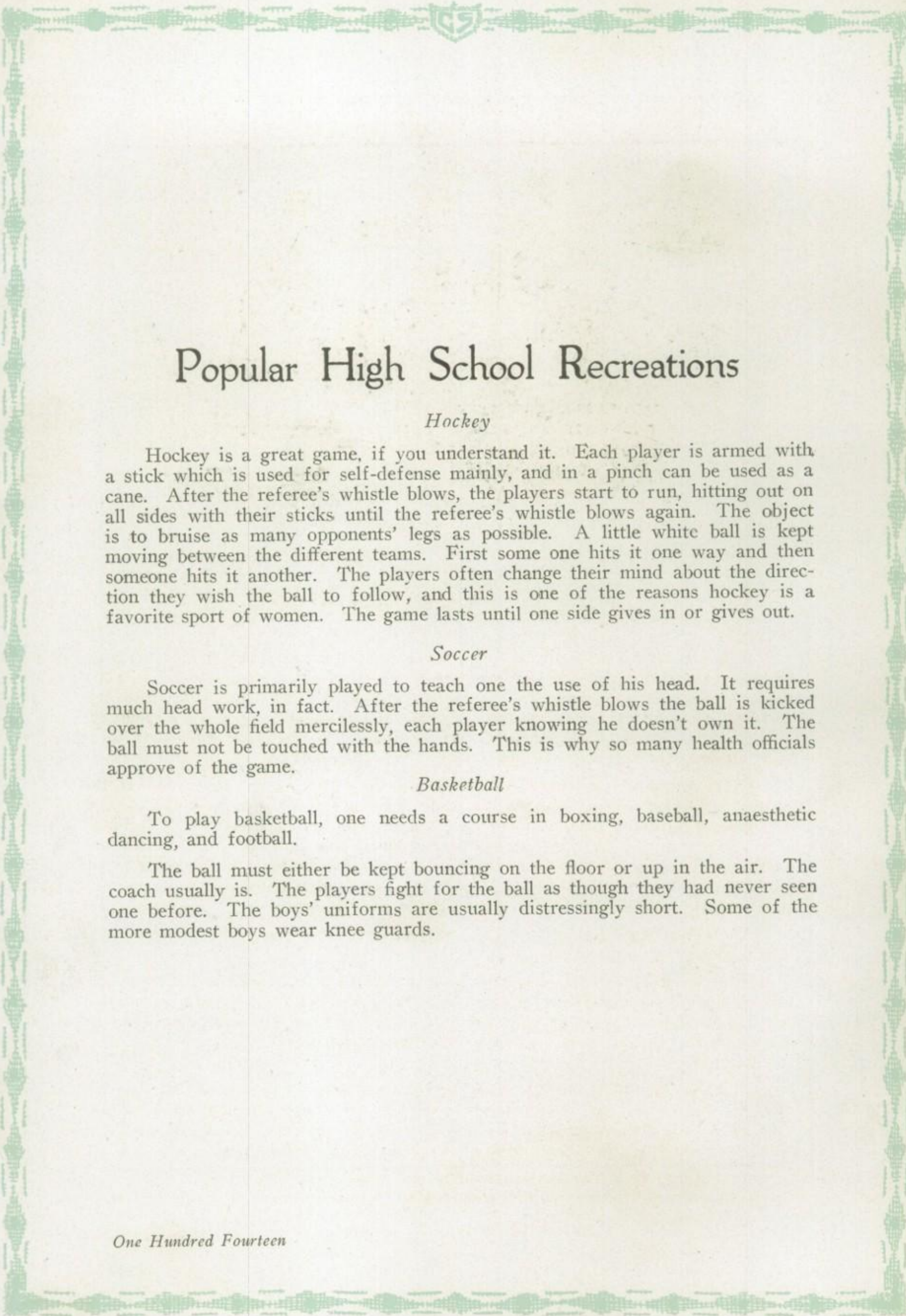
* * * * *

This is station A. B. C.—introducing Mister Z—who will tell you why I'm all alone. Next will be Professor Q, who will kindly sing for you beef's gone up and saxophones will moan: "Yes, sir, she's my baby—no sir, don't mean maybe," dash dot, dash dot, dash dot, dash dot, dash; here is a good recipe, which is a great help to me; it's "How to Make Thanksgiving Turkey Hash; cut the oysters thin and small—brand new fashions for this fall decree that women's skirts shall change their length; Mr. Jones will give a talk on "Importance of a Daily Walk for those of you who wish to gain in Strength." A great cut in income tax is predicted. Now relax, rest awhile, and then we'll work again. Stand on floor with feet apart, 'till you hear the music start, then our exercises will begin * * *

* * * * *

Now I've told my tale of woe
I ask you if 'tisn't so,
Since you know what all this gloom's about
Radio bothers me like sin
Used to be, "I can't tune in"—
Now my wail is, "Gosh, I can't tune out."





Popular High School Recreations

Hockey

Hockey is a great game, if you understand it. Each player is armed with a stick which is used for self-defense mainly, and in a pinch can be used as a cane. After the referee's whistle blows, the players start to run, hitting out on all sides with their sticks until the referee's whistle blows again. The object is to bruise as many opponents' legs as possible. A little white ball is kept moving between the different teams. First some one hits it one way and then someone hits it another. The players often change their mind about the direction they wish the ball to follow, and this is one of the reasons hockey is a favorite sport of women. The game lasts until one side gives in or gives out.

Soccer

Soccer is primarily played to teach one the use of his head. It requires much head work, in fact. After the referee's whistle blows the ball is kicked over the whole field mercilessly, each player knowing he doesn't own it. The ball must not be touched with the hands. This is why so many health officials approve of the game.

Basketball

To play basketball, one needs a course in boxing, baseball, anaesthetic dancing, and football.

The ball must either be kept bouncing on the floor or up in the air. The coach usually is. The players fight for the ball as though they had never seen one before. The boys' uniforms are usually distressingly short. Some of the more modest boys wear knee guards.



Home Administration

In recent years, a great deal has been said about the inefficiency and lack of interest shown by the present generation of girls toward domestic arts. That there is this lack of interest on the part of our girls is an assumption contrary to fact, inasmuch as there are 250 girls taking household arts work in Schurz. Whether or not they are efficient, can be judged by looking into what they have accomplished during past semesters.

Under the able tutelage of Miss Replogle, they have progressed wonderfully in sewing. The sewing department made the stage draperies in Room 220, a task greatly lightened by the use of two new electric sewing machines. The material alone cost \$75 and the final cost would have been much greater, had not the work been done by the sewing department. It also undertook the making of curtains for the office. A new fitting room, equipped with heater, long mirror, and curtains, greatly facilitates the work of the classes.

Another department, of which Mrs. Sabin is the head, studies plain and fancy laundering and dyeing.

Not the least of the domestic arts is cooking, and this department has thrived under the leadership of Mrs. Engels. There have been classes in cookery and dietetics. Through the study of dietetics, the girls have been able to determine the proper foods to eat to maintain good health.

The Flat, too, has played an important part in the study of domestic arts by Schurz girls. With designs made by the art classes, and through the use of wooden frames and special hooked needles, the girls made hooked rugs. They also made silk shades and studied family budgets and the individual problem of the college girl. This was done under Miss Bursik's direction.

In addition to all of these activities, the girls gave their annual Christmas candy sale, the proceeds of which were added to the organ fund of our school.

Schurz Shops

By EMERY VANTINE

What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak,
I pray you.

Coriolanus, Act I, Sc. I, L. 55.

Were a person to enter any of the Schurz shops and utter these two lines, he would probably be the subject of considerable comment on the part of the pupils. And yet, what visitor comes to our shops that has not the equivalent of these words written on his countenance?

The sight indeed is enough to call forth such an inquiry. All day the shops are full of purposeful workers, seemingly bent on attaining some one thing. They are; and to attain it, they go through the various kinds of shops, doing the required work in each, and helped in each by the work that has gone before.

The wood shop is the first step in the progress of the technical course. Here, under the guidance of Messrs. Moquin, Slepicka, Soderling, and Miller the novices accustom themselves to machinery. They soon lose the knack of getting in their own way, and presently turn out such products as nail boxes, saw bucks, book ends, foot stools, and radio cabinets.

The carpenter shop has been much improved by the installation of new and more modern machinery, and the allowance of separate rooms for the individual instructors has added much that is desirable to the old belt-driven shop.

After acquiring a certain facility in the handling of tools, the pupil is introduced to another branch of technical work. In place of wood as a medium he now has iron.

The forge always has a great attraction for the aspiring student. It seems to typify the virility that one always associates with things mechanical. Mr. Mason and Mr. Bock do much to make this course attractive. Under their guidance the pupils learn how many iron things are produced. Some of the pupils become very proficient in making such exercises as chains, pokers, double-headed wrenches, radio pliers, and a score of similar tools.

The next step in technical progress deals also with metals. In the foundry, a new world of possibilities is opened to the student, and while he is making moulds for Lincoln heads, and ash trays, and book ends, he dreams of moulding greater things, and thus he takes greater pleasure in his work through getting such momentary glimpses of the end for which he is striving.

Here, they also make moulds from patterns made in the school pattern shop, and thus they see the finished product of what they will have to do in the next higher class.

The inhabitants of the foundry shop seem very anxious to move to their new quarters. They have already installed parts for the new machinery before the plaster work is finished.

Now that the pupil knows how to make moulds from patterns he has to learn how to make the patterns themselves. Though pattern making is a preliminary step to much of the work of the foundry, its problems are not attempted till after the foundry work has been finished, so that the students may know the limitations under which a pattern-maker must work to accomplish the best results.

Thus the student is fairly well equipped to continue on towards his goal. Here it is that his work in the wood shop during his first semester stands him in good stead. When not engaged in supplying patterns for the immediate use of the new and better equipped foundry, they turn their attention from patterns such as bearing caps, brackets, and gears to the making of candlesticks, lamps, and various kinds of cabinet work.

In connection with this class in pattern-making, and in connection with the next study in the sequence of the technical department, it might be well to mention the department of mechanical drawing. Here problems are graduated in relation to the student's development in his other technical classes. Thus, in his first year his drawing covers various problems in perspective; in his second, he continues with developments of "plane cuts, and true lengths." The third year sees the drawing of such objects as screws, gears, and many of the parts of machinery that the pupil uses during the same year in his machine shop work; in a corresponding way, his fourth year of drawing keeps pace with his practical work, and he is occupied for the most part with designs, original ones, for automobile motors.

As in the mechanical drawing department, the work progresses from one mechanical standpoint to a higher one. Likewise the machine shop follows to pattern shop. The student passes a certain amount of time in accustoming himself to the tools. To do this, he is put on bench work. His first exercise consists in making a block of iron with a levelled top, to be accurate in every detail. Even in such trivial things usefulness is stressed, and the student by drilling holes equidistant along the levelled top, finds that he has a very passable bit-holder. From such a small beginning progress is made along the road of accuracy and neatness of workmanship till he ends this division of the work with making an inside and an outside pair of calipers.

The second division of the machine shop exercises is on the lathe. Work is here begun on a taper, which before being discarded is turned into two perfect hexagonal bolts. Then come jack-bodies and jack-screws, and the machine shop work ends with the making of a plumb-bob. These problems are worked out under the able supervision of Mr. Lange and Mr. Shaw.

While the technical course proper is really finished with the completion of the work in the machine shop, each of the students of this department takes an optional course in accordance with his individual taste and aspirations.

One optional course and perhaps the most popular is auto shop, since it deals with that field of mechanics that comes closer to the lives of the pupils than the others. Through the enthusiastic work of the students, antique Lizzies are made to feel like new, and garage-men are evaded for the time-being.

Certainly there cannot be garage-men in the city who would not envy the equipment of the new Schurz auto shop. It is here that Mr. Johnson presides over the most modern and improved equipment and tools, which are used in a way to accomplish the greatest results with the least expenditure of energy. That principle has made the automotive industry the largest in the world, and to judge from the enthusiasm of the pupils for the work of this particular shop, significant of the attitude of the great bulk of the people, that industry is bound to hold its place for a long time to come.

In close connection with all the mechanical courses, the electric shop, under the supervision of Mr. Field and Mr. Moody, is to the great technical course only another optional class. It has a wide attraction for the technical students, as well as the "Two Year Electrical" boys. In this shop the time is divided, and part of it allotted to the working out of problems and the carrying out of laboratory experiments, and part to the producing of certain electric utensils such as toasters, soldering irons, flat irons, and many kinds of radio devices—all made of course at the expense of a few shocks and burns. But such a cost is rated very low by these embryo Edisons when they hear the call of the great electrical world.

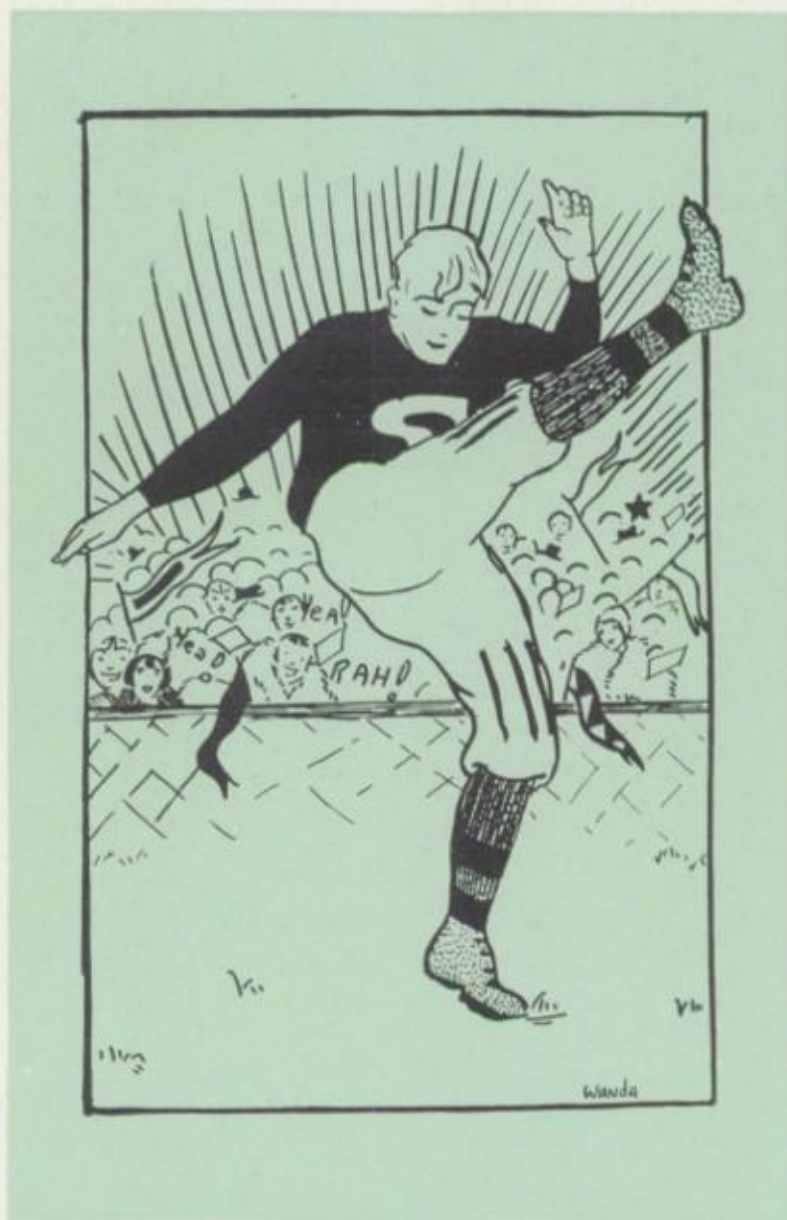
Another division of the work of this course requiring a technique far different from that of any of the foregoing shops, and one whose work is of supreme importance in the world today, is the print shop. This shop is more in touch with the other departments, and the general life of the school than any of the others, just as its prototype in the world is so touched by all the different phases of life. Great printers and publishers, we are sure, are at present serving their probationary periods in this shop where Mr. Osbon, the chief, can criticize our promising young men.

In all the departments is the same enthusiasm, the same ardent desire for attainment that promises much for the future of the mechanical world. Each graduate of the unexcelled technical course at Schurz steps into the world with the steadfast purpose of accomplishing his task, and a firm belief that

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,

The chances have just begun
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

Berton Braley—*No Chance.*



Schurzone Supervisors

Schurzone supervisors are the real sportsmen of Schurz, the people who do their work without praise. These students gave much of their spare time to the financial affairs of the Schurzone. It is to them that a large part of the credit for the success of this book is given.

Lorentz Adolphson
Russel Black
Cecil Blackman
Clarence Brack
Fred Breitenback
Robert Colwell
Raymond Freiwald
Herman Kroencke
Catherine LaCrosse
Eric Leufstedt

Mary Louth
Jackson Moore
Harriet Olds
Arnold Rudd
Frances Scheffner
Atwell Shinn
Helen Vavak
John Warren
Mary Yearick

Football

Starting the season with six lettermen, championship football prospects looked bright for Schurz. However, extremely muddy fields were the downfall of our light but speedy backfields and two hard battles were lost in poor weather conditions.

Though we started the season with a green line it developed rapidly until it was rated one of the best in the city. At the end of season Nilsen, one of our ends, was picked for a position on one of the mythical all-city teams.

The fight for the pennant in the north section was between Lane, Senn, and Schurz. Though we were defeated by both Lane and Senn, the teams were evenly matched and both games were battles worth witnessing in spite of the fact that they were played in seas of mud.

Schurz vs. Crane

Schurz took the first league game from Crane by a score of 12-0. One of the outstanding features of the game was the playing of our line which exhibited a stone wall defense and a devastating offense. Inopportune fumbles furnished the only reason for the score not being more onesided than it was. Carlson, Bob Anderson, and Cimeley were the backfield stars.

Schurz vs. Lake View

Playing without their captain and fighting against a heavier team, Schurz met Lake View and came out of the game on the big end of a 23-0 score. Cimeley was a constant ground gainer while Carlson and Anderson tore off gains around end. Evans and Nilson were the main strength of the line.

Schurz vs. Lane

Visions of the championship vanished when Lane defeated Schurz 12-0 in the big game of the season at Cubs' Park. The battle was staged in a veritable sea of a sticky mud. In the first half, it was an even game with the advantage, if any, in favor of Schurz. At the opening of the second half, Brown of Lane caught the kickoff and tossed a lateral pass to Cohen who romped 70 yards unchallenged for a touchdown. In the first quarter, Lane tallied again when Brown went 10 yards through tackle for another score. Twice Schurz was in good position to score but the heavy Lane line held and we left the field without scoring.

Schurz vs. Austin

By scoring a thrilling last minute touchdown, Schurz nosed out Austin after trailing behind them nearly the whole game. Early in the second quarter Austin scored a touchdown but failed to make the extra point. Schurz lagged behind until the last few minutes when a series of accurate passes brought the ball to the twenty yard line where Bob Anderson took the oval and placed it over the goal. Carlson then booted it between the posts, taking the extra point and also the game. This victory left Senn and Schurz deadlocked for second place.

Schurz vs. Senn

In a tense, evenly fought game Senn nosed out Schurz by splashing through three inches of water for a single touchdown in the final quarter. Only once did Schurz threatened to score, but a pass was grounded over the goal thus ending our last minute spurt. Nilsen and Evans again were the outstanding players in the Schurz line. Gentry and Thorton starred for Senn.

With nearly the whole line returning next year, another good team should uphold the gridiron honors for Schurz in 1926.

Track

Fifty candidates reported for track in reply to Coach Tweedie's call on December 7. Of this number only about ten are juniors and the yearling squad as usual is in need of bracing.

David Baldwin, a capable and efficient senior, has been appointed manager. Up to the present time he has filled his position satisfactorily and Mr. Tweedie is well pleased with his choice.

Schurz is fortunate in having as able a coach as Mr. Tweedie, who is an authority both on track and field events. If enough material is given him, Coach Tweedie can without a doubt win a shield for Schurz.

Kratz, Goers, Webb, Aronson, and Poisner are expected to shine in the sprints. Unless some latent material appears or some star is developed by Mr. Tweedie, Schurz will have a hard time garnering points in the distant runs. Thompson and Raber, veteran high-jumpers, are clearing the bar well over five feet and are the hope of Schurz in this event.

At the time this article goes to press it is too early definitely to state who will occupy the remaining positions. Men are needed for the various events, and even at this date it is not too late to dash down to the gym and try out for track.

Basketball

Daily practice and scrimmage are putting our basketball teams in a condition fit to battle the best prep teams in the city. The two teams, as the practice games have shown, have plenty of fight and can play basketball on the offensive and defensive exceedingly well.

The heavies, captained by King Simpson, are under the watchful eye of Coach Havlicek, and according to all indications should be a logical contender for the title. Simpson, who performs at center, has a dead eye for the basket and the natural ability needed for a good leader. His playing, coupled with that of Swabach, Roper, Kaitul, Breyak, and Schwartz should bring the bacon home.

Mr. Harris, coach of the ponies, had a hard time selecting the right quintet because of the absence of veterans. Schumacher was the only player who was not lost by graduation and he was the nucleus about which Coach Harris built his team. Klein, Troch, Dezur, Ludtka, and Sugar are newcomers that look good. Rubenstein and Nieman, who acquired a berth on the lights, will be lost when the diplomas are passed out. The ponies are constantly improving and should be up in the front ranks at the finish of the season.

Jack Mullen and Jack Levant are managing Coach Havlicek's proteges, while Sid Christopherson is taking care of the lights. All know their duties and should relieve their coaches of many of their arduous tasks.

Swimming Team

Although the 1925 team did not capture any shields, the large turnout of candidates and the return of all of last year's men made the team a point gaining aggregation. Schurz made a very creditable showing in all of the meets in which they participated.

Last year's men, who were responsible for most of the points gained, are Busch, McGary, Kieding, Webb, and Heier. New men who have been outstanding are Mygdal, Link, Arvold, and Carlstrom.

Graduation will take McGary and Kieding, but the team looks forward to a brilliant out-door season.

Soccer

Although our boys did not win the soccer championship, they made a commendable showing for the season of 1925. Nosed out of the running by defeats, caused by a single tally in each case, administered to us by Crane and Medill, our stellar performers came back and tied Lake View and Lane. The tie with Lane showed the caliber of our team since the Techs later became the undisputed champions of the north section.

Captain Laib led the team in an excellent and capable manner. He starred at outside left and ended his high school soccer games in a fitting manner by kicking the last goal in the final game of the season.

McMenamin, Ehnborn, Rundstrom, Murray, Dammann, Paulsen, Grill, Kratz, and Buchholz were the stars of our backfield. Ehnborn and Buchholz deserve special credit, the former for his powerful kicking ability and the latter for his adroitness at dribbling. Those who covered themselves with glory in the line were Captain Laib, Ackerman, Thiel, Aronson, and Mason.

Boros and Werbel did the managing for the soccer team. Boros, who will still be here next season, has been appointed manager of our championship soccer team of 1926.

The team wishes to express its gratitude to the faculty and especially to Coach Wuehrmann for their splendid co-operation. Mr. Wuehrmann spent hours and much patience drilling our boys in the rudiments of the game and instilling in them the proper fighting spirit. Special attention and effort was given by him in his desire to have our boys win. His advice to the team always was: "Fight to your utmost and fight hard, but fight clean."

Boys' Golf

The Schurz Golf team consisting of Forrest Howen, Irving Stoller, Melvyn Keyser, and Lorry Hansen placed third in the annual high school golf championship at the Mid-City Golf Club last June. Hyde Park nosed our boys out of second place by a single stroke.

During the summer two Schurz players won more honors for themselves and Schurz. Harry LeMay went to the finals in the second flight of Western Junior Golf Championship and won the caddy championship at Glen View. Irving Stoller also qualified in the Western Junior and went to the semi-finals in the Illinois Junior where he was disqualified through a technicality.

Girl Athletes Hold Annual Mobilization

News of the annual mobilization of girl athletes held in the lunch room on June 18, reached headquarters too late for the last annual. However, since it is of major importance, it is being printed at this late date.

The lunch room was gayly decorated in purple and gold and two beautiful shields hung on the wall, one for the city golf championship, the other for the tennis championship. Around the festive board sat ninety-six healthy eager girls and six faculty members.

The feast was fit for a king—for the rising cheer given the cooks was quite enough to convince the cooks that it was true. The only delicacy that cannot be credited to our Schurz cooks was a huge cake with Schurz written on it in purple and gold icing. This was presented by Evelyn Kjellander, one of our most accomplished swimmers.

The only man in the crowd was Colonel Whigam and all listened attentively to his interesting talk on "Athletics as a Hobby." Elizabeth Roe read an original poem to an appreciative audience.

All this was preliminary work. The big event of the afternoon was the presentation of miniature silver golf clubs and tennis racquets to the tennis and golf champions; of the big "S" to Dorothy Oftedahl for her all around athletic ability; of eleven membership pins to the girls who had passed the Junior Red Cross Life Saving Tests; and of something like 240 small "S's" and stripes to those who had made either school or interclass teams in some sport or other during the last year.

Cheer upon cheer filled the room as all this took place, but none of the cheers were quite as long as the one given Mrs. Crupp when she was presented with a large bouquet of pink carnations. Last February was the tenth anniversary of Mrs. Crupp's assuming charge of the swimming pool.

Tennis

The Schurz girls' tennis team won the city championship last season. The school was given a shield and the girls received pins in the form of tennis racquets for their reward. The players on the team were:

Marie Becker	Doubles	Edna Kruse	Singles
Ethel Johnson	Doubles	Marion Ryan	Singles
Blanche Bell		Manager	

The doubles players and Edna Kruse were undefeated through the whole season. Next season there will be three berths vacant. Three new girls must take the places of those who are graduating.

Hockey

On account of unfavorable weather conditions this fall hockey was abandoned very early. The loss of the majority of the previous year's team through graduation made it doubly hard. But spring hockey will be played in preparation for a good fall team.

Swimming

Another class of life savers passed the Junior Life Saving Test this semester under the supervision of Miss Shanewise, thus making the waters more safe for the thousands of bathers.

The girls who have passed the test are:

Marion Ryan	Laura Bishop
Esther Sandvik	Norma Oftedahl
Florence Beebe	Cora LeMay
Elsie DeVry	Evelyn Olsen

The girls are now busy practicing starts, 20 and 40 yard dashes, diving, and plunges in preparation for a swimming meet in the near future.

Girls' Basketball

Basketball has taken the place of hockey earlier than usual this season on account of the bad condition of the campus. Basketball, which is usually not begun until after Thanksgiving, was started several weeks earlier, and as a result Schurz can expect to have a better team than usual.

The third period Advanced Class has had practice on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and extra practice for the team the eighth. Special forward practice has been given during the eighth period on Tuesdays in the hope of developing some extra-fine tossers.

Schurz is expecting to have the usual outside game with Marshall toward the end of the semester. Last year Marshall put a blot on our otherwise perfect record; this year that must not happen again.

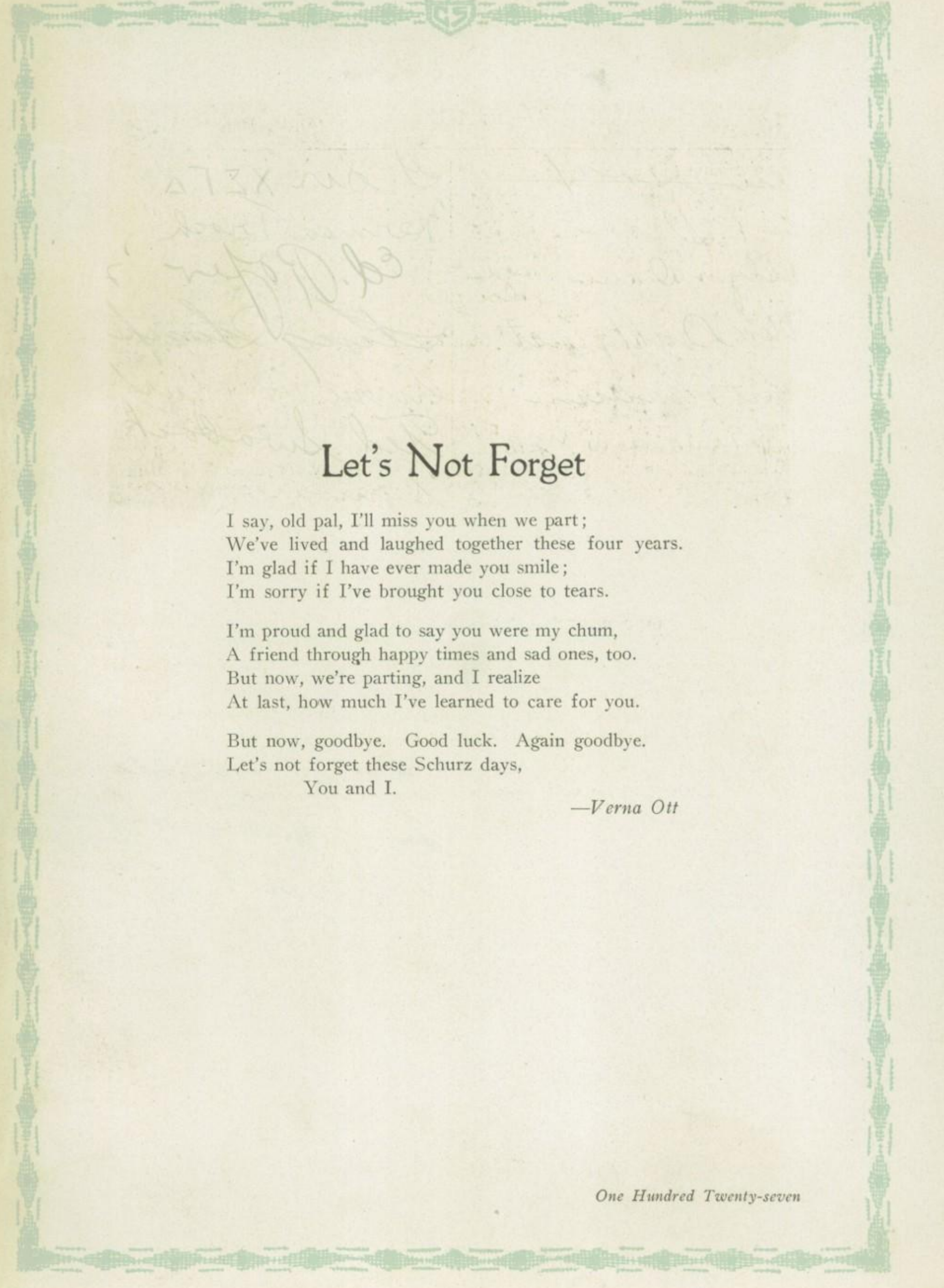
Something new has been started this year. Basketball tournaments are being held every period of the day, every class being divided into teams. Through elimination the best team will be found.



Golf

For the short time that golf has been taken up as a girls' sport, our girls have done very well with it. Winning the Indoor Championship last winter Mary Louise Slibeck, Florence Beebe, Gertrude Brennan and Cora LeMay again brought home the trophy, in the City High School Tournament at Mid-City. To add to their laurels, Florence Beebe won the gold medal, first individual, with Mary Louise a few strokes behind winning the silver medal, second individual.

Although the team will be deprived of Mary Louise Slibeck and Cora LeMay for the spring tournaments, much is expected of Ann Elizabeth Thorson and Elizabeth Snyder.



*2738 in the
book
ref D. 63*

Let's Not Forget

I say, old pal, I'll miss you when we part;
We've lived and laughed together these four years.
I'm glad if I have ever made you smile;
I'm sorry if I've brought you close to tears.

I'm proud and glad to say you were my chum,
A friend through happy times and sad ones, too.
But now, we're parting, and I realize
At last, how much I've learned to care for you.

But now, goodbye. Good luck. Again goodbye.
Let's not forget these Schurz days,
You and I.

—Verna Ott

Autographs

Ellen Graf.
 Robert Drake
 Adelyn Davis "Aadie"
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 AB-C-D-E-F-G-I-J.
 las. Benowitz *Interclass champs*
 Ralph Karsack *Interclass champs*
 Wilfred Amuth
 Leroy Hettiger *interclass champ*
 Russell S. Hart *interclass champs*
 "Russie"
 Bert Rose

